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WHEELER'S

GRADED LITERARY READERS

WITH INTERPRETATIONS

A FOURTH READER

CRANE AND WHEELER

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ă unaccented, as in ...
ȧ unaccented, as in so'fȧ

du for du, as in ver'dure, and deu, as in gran'deur

(The teacher should examine § 250, p. lvi, Webster's New International Dictionary.)

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IN RE-
ION

hard),

as in

ī as in īce
ĭ as in ĭll

j as in joke; also for g, as in engine (en'jin)

k as in keep; also for c, as in cat; and ch, as in cho'rus
ed to indicate x, as in vex
qu, as in queen

e ng, as in baŋk; single (sin'g'l)

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N (small capital) representing nasal tone (as in French) of the preceding vowel, as in **Toulon** (to͞o-lôN′)

(The teacher should examine § 60, Note 2, p. xlii, Webster's New International Dictionary.)

ō as in **nōte**
ô as in **ô-bey′**
ô as in **lôrd**
ŏ as in **nŏt**
ǒ as in **dǒg**

(This sound is the sound between o in **fŏr** and o in **nŏt**.)

ŏ unaccented, as in **cŏn-nect′**

o͞o as in **fo͞ol**
o͝o as in **fo͝ot**

ou as in **out**; ow as in **how**
oi as in **oil**; oy as in **boy**

s used for soft c, as in **cell**

th as in **thin**
t͟h as in **then**
tū as in **na′tūre**

(The teacher should examine § 250, p. lvi, Webster's New International Dictionary.)

ū as in **mūte**
ŭ as in **ŭ-nite′**
û as in **fûr**
ŭ as in **tŭb**
ŭ unaccented, as in **cir′cŭs**

zh used for z, as in **azure** (azh′ur); also for s, as in **pleasure** (plezh′ur)

(′) to indicate a vowel omitted, as in **evil** (e′v′l)

(′) to indicate the principal accent

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WHEELER'S GRADED LITERARY READERS

WITH INTERPRETATIONS

A FOURTH READER

BY

WILLIAM ILER CRANE

AND

WILLIAM HENRY WHEELER

CHICAGO

W. H. WHEELER & COMPANY

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INTRODUCTION

It is not possible to do anything rationally without first having in our possession a perfectly clear conception of the purpose for which the thing is done; for the purpose is the only thing that can show how the thing is to be done correctly. Therefore, in the preparation of a series of readers the first thing to be determined is — *The Purpose of Teaching Reading.*

The Purpose of Teaching Reading is unquestionably to enable the child to get from a printed page the *Images*, the *Thoughts*, and the *Emotions* of the author who wrote the page.

No good literature has been really *read* unless the reader has been able to attain from the printed page these three things, — the Images, the Thoughts, and the Emotions of the writer.

The teaching of reading consists in using all of those processes which will lead the child most directly and certainly to the ability to interpret correctly the printed page.

The following explanation will show this idea clearly.

A poet in writing a poem passes through the following steps:

THE POET'S PROCESS

1. The poet sees something and feels an emotion.
2. He feels in some vague way that this thing has a relation to his life.
3. His mental processes change this abstract relation into concrete forms.
4. The poet crystallizes these concrete forms into words.

The following illustration will make this clear. Take Longfellow's familiar poem, " The Rainy Day."

From inside the old Craigie House the poet looked out and saw a leaden sky; he saw the rain falling, and the dead leaves loosening their hold and dropping; and he heard the sighing of the wind. This created in him an emotion. This is Step 1.

Then he thought, " Somehow this is like my life." This is Step 2.

Then he said, " This is like my life, because —

a. The wind is like my sighs;

b. The rain is like my tears;

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c. The vine clinging to the moldering wall is like my thoughts clinging to the past;

d. The leaves falling thick in the blast are like my hopes."

Thus he works out the concrete forms of the relation of the rainy day to his life. This is Step 3.

Then he changes the concrete forms into words arranged metrically, and thus he has what is called a poem. This is Step 4.

Thus it will be seen that he has gone through the four steps mentioned, — (1) an emotion, (2) a consciousness of an abstract relation to life, (3) a change of the abstract relation to the concrete forms of that relation, and (4) a crystallization of them into the words of the poem.

THE READER'S PROCESS

Now the person who reads the poem called "The Rainy Day" experiences these four steps, but in exactly the reverse order, as follows:

1. He comes first to — *the words.*

2. He reads through the words and sees the concrete forms of a relation to life, or that the wind is like the poet's sighs, the rain like his tears, the vine clinging to the wall like his thoughts clinging to the past, and the dead leaves falling thick in the blast like his hopes.

3. Then all these things begin to lose their individual identities and to blend or focalize into one impression, — *an abstract relation to life.*

4. If all of this has been done clearly and properly, the reader arrives at — *the emotion with which the poet started.*

The following tabulation will make clear what is meant here:

THE FOUR STEPS

The way the poet takes the steps			*The way the reader takes the steps*
	1. An emotion.	4.	
The poet begins at the top and goes down.	2. An abstract relation to life.	3.	The reader begins at the bottom and goes up.
	3. The concrete forms of the relation to life.	2.	
	4. The words of the poem.	1.	

The reader has not read the poem until he has taken all of these four steps.

We do not mean to say that all poems have a relation to life. But in all cases the reader, if he really reads, must draw from the printed

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words (1) Images, (2) Thoughts, and (3) Emotions. This is true in both poetry and prose.

The poets and the story-tellers live in the imagination, which is a much larger world than that found in the geographies, and into this larger region they often take us. If we wish to follow them, we must train our mental eyesight. We must see the scene, and enter into the thought and the feeling of the story or the poem which we read. The imagination is a wonderful worker if only we trust it. It is as susceptible of improvement by exercise as our judgment or our memory. If there is no imagination, there can be no sympathy. The greatest intellectual training afforded by reading is the training of the imagination. Without this power of mental vision which we call imagination, we can never read well, because we can never understand well. We may have wished for the gifts of the old fairy tale, the magic glass through which one sees distant objects and the magic rug on which one is borne to far-off scenes. But both of these gifts are ours in this wonderful power of imagination.

The Reading Process. — The problem of teaching reading consists in using that set of processes which will enable the child upon taking up a printed page to get easily and correctly the author's Images, Thoughts, and Emotions. No matter how beautifully he can vocalize the printed page, he has not *read* the page at all unless he has drawn from the printed words these three things. In reading aloud it is not possible to convey truly the author's Images, Thoughts, and Emotions to a hearer unless there be present in the reader's mind as he uses his voice, the Images, Thoughts, and Emotions of the author; for the presence of these three things in the reader's mind is the only possible cause of such vibrations of the vocal organs as will produce the tones and cadences which will make the hearer see, think, and feel.

There will be little disagreement about *The Purpose of Teaching Reading*

The Literary Basis Necessary to Produce This Result. —

1. Suitable material.
   - *a.* The reading material chosen should be such as will afford the best training basis to lead children to organize the power and the habit of getting from a printed page the Images, the Thoughts, and the Emotions which the author put into the selection.
   - *b.* The literature used should be such as is interesting to children of the age taught.
   - *c.* There should be proper balance of prose and poetry.
   - *d.* If possible, the literature should be that which an intelligent person is expected to know.

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In selecting the material for these books, no selection has been accepted merely because it is new; and no selection has been rejected merely because it is old. Very many familiar old pieces that have stood the test of time are included in the list. We must not forget that, while these selections are old and familiar to the teacher and the parents, they are just as new to the child who sees them for the first time as they were to the first child who ever read them. They are the songs that will always be sung, and the stories that will always be told. Such selections should be studied for the pleasure that comes from reading beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed. The child who appreciates the vast difference between merely saying a thing and saying it well has the culture insight, which is one of the true ends in reading.

What the Editors and the Teacher Must Do. —

1. When a child studies a selection for the first time, he has in his possession some of the information necessary for the interpretation of the selection.

2. The editors and the teacher must, in the introduction, questions, definitions, and the assignment of the lesson, furnish the child *the remainder of the information necessary for the interpretation of the selection.*

An illustration of this may be found in the wonderful "readings" of his poems given by James Whitcomb Riley. With intuitive instinct he always prepared his audience by telling them a little story about the poem, which put into their minds the information necessary for its correct interpretation.

Similar help should be given the child.

Is it not strange that so little has been done to help the child to interpret the printed page? In the lower grades, the great stress is very naturally and properly placed on drilling for recognition of words. But in the higher grades, after the fundamental processes of learning to read have been largely mastered, interpretation has been mainly left to chance. In fact the children in these higher grades have been given less help to master the full content of the printed page than has been given to high school pupils. In the high school it is thought necessary for the pupils to have classics which are very carefully edited. Why not in the grammar grades?

The child can interpret only by his own experiences. No matter how simple or primitive such introductions may look in a series of readers, the only introductory helps that are of value are the ones that recall to the child his own personal experiences and not some far-away literary information with which the child's mind cannot possibly function.

The Grading of the Selections. — The selections should be graded or

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arranged in the order of the difficulty of getting from them the series of Images, Thoughts, and Emotions. Simplicity of language does not at all imply simplicity of thought. Formerly George Macdonald's poem beginning,—

> " Where did you come from, baby dear?
> Out of the everywhere into the here,"

was supposed to be a proper selection for the first grade, because *it is about a baby*. But a moment's examination of the thought of this poem shows that it is extremely difficult and profound, and that even eighth grade children would find great difficulty in comprehending it at all, for the molecules making up the little body come, like " The Flower in the Crannied Wall," from almost every source in the universe.

Difficulty of comprehension, and not simplicity of language, is the true measuring unit for grading a set of readers.

In this series of readers, certain selections which usually have been graded lower down have been advanced to higher grades for the reason that their thought is too mature for the lower grades. This is true of such selections as " Maud Muller," " The Bugle Song," " My Heart Leaps Up," and the " Gettysburg Address."

The Definitions. — It has been customary in the school readers *to give the definitions after the child has tried to read the selection.* Now, as these definitions are part of the material which the child must have in order to understand the selection, they should come *before* he has tried to read it, and not after he has tried and failed. Otherwise, the child blunders through the selection without understanding. Then he becomes disgusted, decides that the selection has no interest for him, and finally grows to hate it. Learning the definitions afterwards will not help him, as then he has lost interest and has acquired a settled dislike for the selection. Knowledge of the meanings of the unknown words is part of the material necessary to the child *before* he attempts to read the selection, not afterwards.

Therefore in a series of readers, the "*Helps*" should give, not only an Explanatory Introduction, but the simple meanings of such words and phrases in the selection as the child is not likely to understand. And these should be given and studied *before* the selection is read as part of the material necessary for a reading of the selection with any interest. This seems so true that it is axiomatic.

The Nature of the Definitions. — Great care should be taken that the terms used in defining a word are words which the child already possesses

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and knows the meanings of. A definition is useless if it be as difficult as the word defined.

The definition of a word should not be the general definition given in the dictionary, but it should be simply the meaning of the word in the sense that is used in the selection and it should be given in the child's own vocabulary. Such definitions are not intended to take the place of the dictionary. Generally far too little stress is laid upon the use of the dictionary. The child should be encouraged to use it. But the child must wait for further experience to build up the general definition of a word.

Taking Literature into Life. — The teaching of reading and of literature does not attain its purpose unless the literature becomes a part of the reader's life in such a way that, as he goes about, it constantly rises to help him interpret his life. For example, if a person has read Wordsworth's little poem called "March," and if that poem has not helped him to see more in a March day than he would have seen without the poem, the time spent in reading it has been largely lost.

A poet, or in fact any worth-while writer, is a *seer*, an interpreter. He helps us to see what we cannot see without his aid. The eyes of most persons look at their environment, but do not *see* it. The poet teaches us how and what to see. He who has been properly taught to read should become his own seer, his own interpreter of nature and of life, without the aid of poet or prose writer to see for him and to tell him what it is that he is looking at.

Moral Teaching through Reading. — The greatest moral teaching that is attainable can be arrived at through the right kind of reading. For example, in reading such a selection as "Which Loved Best?" p. 318, it is not enough that the children be led to see how "Little Fan" in the poem showed her love. The selection has not really been read at all until the child applies it, not to some neighbor boy or girl, but to his own daily life. The selection, if rightly taught, must of itself force the child to ask, "Do *I truly* love *my* mother?" The teaching of the selection has practically failed of its purpose unless it results in simple understanding which passes into self-examination and self-action.

Reading has accomplished its purpose if it has been so taught as to lead the child to self-examination, and therefore to a determination to live better and more nobly, and it has failed unless it has achieved this.

The attempt has been made in these readers to carry the example of life that is in each selection over into the actual individual life of the child.

Accuracy of Information. — There is no need whatever in a series of grade school readers for an exhibition of editorial scholarship and erudi-

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tion. All far-away information, no matter how scholarly, is useless to the child. Only that is of value which is within his grasp and which, added to his own experience, will help him to comprehend the selection.

However, such information as the editors give should be of the most accurate kind. Such information as fails to help the child to interpret is bad pedagogy, and may be pure pedantry. This includes attempts to teach, in a series of grade school readers, the history of English Literature. Extended biographies are out of place here save in a very few exceptional cases where the author's life is directly concerned in the interpretation of the selection from his writings. What is a child profited, if he shall learn all the petty details of the lives of these great writers and all the foolish gossip about them, and lose the information, the pleasure, and the inspiration, that a thorough understanding of their writings would give him? Hamlet said, "The play's the thing." In a series of school readers, the life of the selection, and not the life of the author, is the thing.

In the public schools the aim should be to produce simple, natural, expressive readers, not artistic actors and orators. A sensitive imagination is essential to good reading. Reading is not good unless the hearers can tell how the reader feels by the way he reads. Good reading is good talking. In fact the more the conversational manner is carried over into the reading, especially in reading prose, the better the reading is likely to be. It should be impressed upon the children at all times that they are studying to get the Images, Thoughts, and Emotions that others have expressed in words upon the printed page. They must discover the thoughts behind the words and then express them; that is really all there is to oral reading.

But we must not forget the silent reader. There are probably ten who will wish to increase their ability to interpret the printed page in silence to one who is especially anxious to learn to read aloud, — ten who will be more anxious to get the correct impression from the printed words than to read it aloud with the correct expression. Fortunately both the silent reader and the oral reader need the same instruction in interpretation.

The pupil may not agree with either the editors' or the teacher's interpretation, and it is not important that he should; but it is important that he have an interpretation and that he be prepared to defend it.

Our Convictions. — We believe that reading is the most important subject taught in the schools; that a teacher is to be judged chiefly by the ease and the intelligence with which his pupils can read; that the human being who is able to read absolutely easily and intelligently holds

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the key to a vast portion of the sum of human knowledge; that the grown man uses but little the technical teachings of his school days, — those of algebra, geography, et cetera, — but that his intellectual growth depends very largely upon his ability to read; and that if a teacher teaches a child to read easily and intelligently, understanding what he is reading, he has conferred one of life's greatest blessings upon that child.

To find pleasure in reading good literature; to learn to love it; to gain power to choose it with discrimination; and to train the imagination, are the final results to be attained by the reading lesson. After we leave school, our information is largely gained from printed matter, and what we get from it is largely determined by our school training. More than we at first suspect we acquire from our reading the style of language we use, the forms of thought we entertain, and to a considerable degree the kind of lives we live. Reading not only informs but forms the mind.

In this age of rush and hurry, that which does not come to us easily as we read is considered hard and beyond our grasp. But if there is one lesson more than another that cannot be hurried it is the reading lesson. The principal question for each teacher to ask is — not how many pages have my pupils read in a month or a year, but how thoroughly have they understood what they have read; not how many selections have they read hurriedly, carelessly, and thoughtlessly, but how many have they read carefully, thoughtfully, and intensively?

The study helps are intended to be only suggestive. It is our earnest and sincere hope, however, that these introductions, questions, and suggestions may be helpful, and that they will lead to many interesting discussions. We hope that the children may enjoy these selections so much that they will learn to interpret others and that they may eventually learn to enjoy what is now far beyond their mental grasp.

William Iler Crane.
William Henry Wheeler.

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FOURTH READER

CLOUDS

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

How to Study a Poem

To the Teacher:

The following poem called "Clouds," by Frank Dempster Sherman, affords a splendid example of "picture study" in reading. A reading of the poem will show that it is simply a set of pictures, many of them fit to be subjects for moving pictures. Let us test this.

We have a day of soft, slow-moving clouds. Let us close our eyes and see them within. We are looking up at the sky, and —

"The sky is full of clouds to-day."

Can you see them *now*, not a sky solid with clouds, but full of soft, rounded, individual clouds? Try again to see them.

Now we have caught a glimpse of the sky as a whole, and now we begin to see more. For the clouds are moving slowly, or better, "idly."

"And idly, to and fro,
Like sheep across the pasture, they
Across the heavens go."

In the usual reading of such lines as these, the mind acts *hazily*, having no real images of the clouds, but just a vague consciousness of what the poet has written. But that is not *reading* the lines. To read them we must actually *see* the clouds in the mind,

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just as if they were a moving picture thrown on a screen before us, only the mind's past experiences of clouds is the screen on which we see them. The screen shows first a sky full of soft lazy clouds. Then we see that the clouds are *moving*, slowly and lazily. Then they seem to us like a flock of white, woolly sheep, going slowly across their " pasture of the heavens." But we have not *read* these four lines unless we have actually *seen* the clouds as they move slowly like a flock of sheep across the pasture of the heavens.

Now another element comes into the mind: for —

" I hear the wind with merry noise."

Now stop and listen *within*. Can you *hear* " the wind with merry noise " *actually?* What is the wind doing? Why, we hear it —

" Around the housetops sweep."

Do we actually *hear* it in the mind, or do we just know that the author has said these words, —

" I hear the wind with merry noise
Around the housetops sweep "?

Then, if we really *read* the lines, the clouds and the wind come together in the mind, and we unite them in action, as they move lazily, as follows: —

" And dream it is the shepherd boys, —
They're driving home their sheep."

Now read the whole of the first stanza, uniting the two elements, — the clouds and the wind, — into a real moving picture, as follows: —

" The sky is full of clouds to-day,
And idly, to and fro,
Like sheep across the pasture, they
Across the heavens go.

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I hear the wind with merry noise
Around the housetops sweep,
And dream it is the shepherd boys, —
They're driving home their sheep."

What a moving picture! Such a picture actually thrown on a screen in a theater would bring genuine applause. He who can actually *read*, however, can have that moving picture in his mind in reality at any time that he wishes it. But to do so, he must be willing to read *slowly*, to stop long enough for the pictures to form on the screen of the mind.

Now let us follow further the moving picture of the clouds and the wind. Let us again watch the sky: —

"The clouds move faster now."

What are they doing? See the next picture and you will know: —

"And see!
The west is red and gold."

This is a non-specific picture. But at once it becomes specific, for —

"Each sheep seems hastening to be
The first within the fold."

The cloud sheep go faster. Then —

"I watch them hurry on until
The blue is clear and deep."

Now the clouds are gone from sight, and only the blue sky remains. But the mind of the poet goes farther with the sheep, for although his cloud sheep are gone from sight, he follows them —

"And dreams that far beyond the hill
The shepherds fold their sheep."

Then the light fades softly, and —

"Then in the sky the trembling stars
Like little flowers shine out."

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Don't be in a hurry, but let this picture have time to be thrown on the screen of the mind.

Now the cloud sheep are gone from the meadow of the heavens, with its star daisies.

Then to complete the sheep figure, the poet looks again, —

" While night puts up the shadow bars,
And darkness falls about."

The wind that always comes with the cool of evening begins sighing, and of it he says, —

" I hear the shepherd wind's good-night."

He hears it say, —

" Good-night, and happy sleep ! "

Give this line time to be registered on the ear screen of the mind.

The last two lines require a good deal of time to be realized, even by the best silent reader, for he has to take time to get himself into the state of consciousness that will enable him to —

" — dream that in the east, all white,
Slumber the clouds, the sheep."

It is useless, in the study of such a poem as " Clouds," to tell the children that this or that picture is " exquisite." It means absolutely nothing to them. The only thing of value to them is to get them to shut their eyes after reading a line, and then to get them to recall a sky full of clouds that they have seen, and to unite with it the words of the poem as the expression of what picture they have of clouds in their own minds.

The pictures must be given one by one very slowly to the children. *Give them time.* The seeing of such pictures is worth all the time given to them. The ability actually to *read* such a poem is truly the ability to bring into one's mind the outside world and to revel in it, yes, to choose the most delightful bits of the world to bring into the mind for the revelry.

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After you yourself have studied the poem, "Clouds," teach it to the children, trying above all to get them to see in the poem what you have seen in it.

Clouds

1

The sky is full of clouds to-day,
And idly, to and fro,
Like sheep across the pasture, they
Across the heavens go.
I hear the wind with merry noise
Around the housetops sweep,
And dream it is the shepherd boys, —
They're driving home their sheep.

2

The clouds move faster now; and see!
The west is red and gold.
Each sheep seems hastening to be
The first within the fold.
I watch them hurry on until
The blue is clear and deep,
And dream that far beyond the hill
The shepherds fold their sheep.

3

Then in the sky the trembling stars
Like little flowers shine out,
While Night puts up the shadow bars,
And darkness falls about.

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I hear the shepherd wind's good-night —
"Good-night, and happy sleep!" —
And dream that in the east, all white,
Slumber the clouds, the sheep.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is the appearance of the sky as first described in the poem? Read the first line aloud.
2. What are the clouds doing?
3. What do the clouds look like as they slowly cross the heavens?
4. What is making a merry noise around the house-tops? What is it doing with the clouds?
5. What does the poet imagine the clouds to be? What does he imagine the wind to be?
6. How are the clouds moving now? Line 1, stanza 2. Who are driving them?
7. What do the cloud sheep seem to be doing now? Lines 3 and 4, stanza 2.
8. What becomes of the flock of cloud sheep? Lines 5 and 6, stanza 2.
9. What does the poet imagine becomes of the shepherds and their sheep? Lines 7 and 8, stanza 2.
10. What things now come shyly out in the heavens? Why does he say "*trembling* stars"? What do they look like?
11. Who shuts the cloud sheep into their fold? With what does he do this? What are the "shadow bars"?
12. What happens after "Night puts up the shadow bars"? Can you *see* this?
13. What do the shepherd winds say to the sheep? Can you hear this?
14. Where does the poet dream that the cloud sheep are slumbering?
15. Have you been able to *see* and *hear* what is described in this poem?

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DEAR OLD GLORY, FLAG FOR ME

ROBERT B. ROGERS

The American flag is the oldest flag among the great nations of the world. It dates from June 14, 1777, the day when it was adopted by the Continental Congress. The flag of France dates from the year 1789; the flag of Great Britain from the year 1801; the flag of Italy from the year 1871. So the flag of the United States is twelve years older than the French flag, twenty-four years older than the British flag, and more than ninety years older than the flag of Italy.

The American flag is also the most beautiful flag of all the flags of the world. It is truly —

"A picture there against the sky."

True Americans love to call the flag "Old Glory," because it is so beautiful, because it is so glorious a sight when the wind flings its "brilliant stripes and colors three" far out from a tall flag-staff "against the sky."

All true Americans love the flag. Their hearts thrill when the breeze lifts its folds, and they whisper in their hearts, —

"Dear Old Glory, flag for *me!*"

They love Old Glory, because it is so beautiful, because of what it stands for, because of what it *means*. Let us see what the American flag means.

The great men who made America said that every person on earth has the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

In the lands from which the first Americans came, they did not

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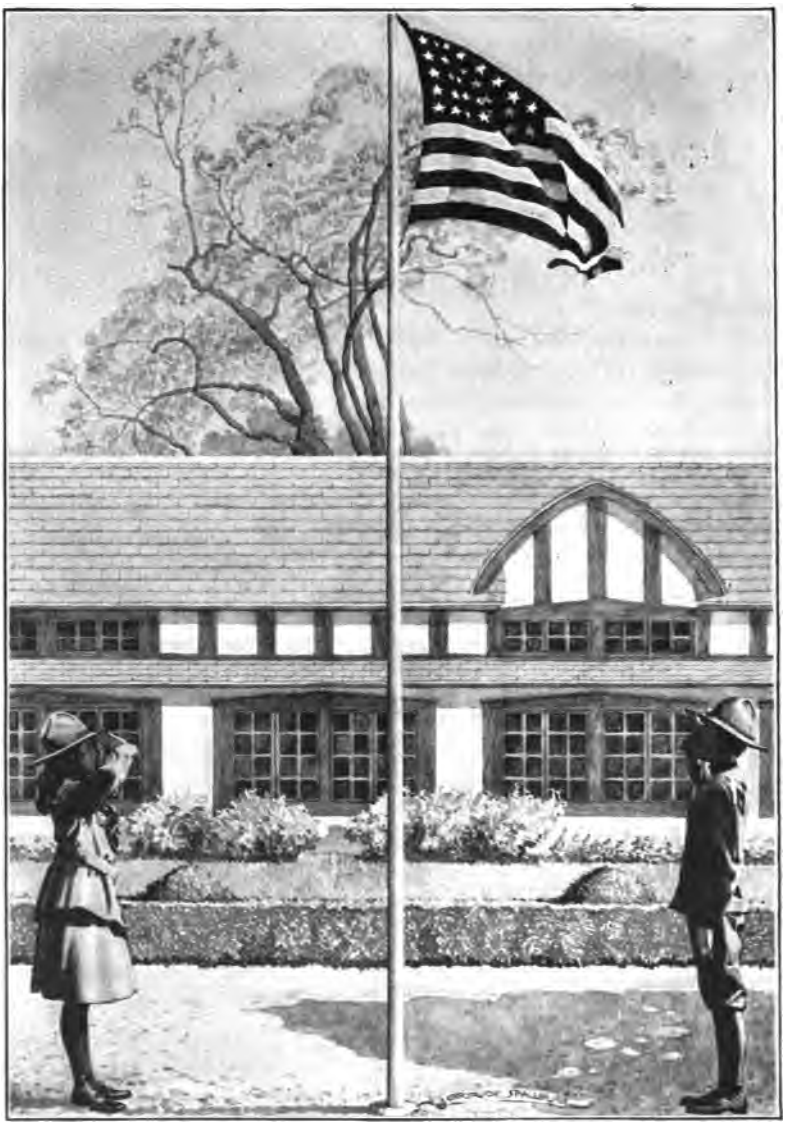

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DEAR OLD GLORY, FLAG FOR ME

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have these rights. The kings were their masters, and often had citizens put to death cruelly and without any right whatever. So our forefathers wanted a country in which no cruel king or nobleman could unjustly put any person to death. That is, they wanted every person to have the right to his own life.

In the countries from which the first Americans came, persons were put into prison just because the king or some nobleman did not like them. So the men who made America wanted every person to have the right to liberty, unless he committed some crime for which he really deserved to be put into prison.

Then, in the countries from which the first Americans came, the people did not have the right to find their own happiness. That means that they were not supposed to live for their own happiness and for the happiness of their families, but for the happiness of the king and the noblemen. In France, one hundred and fifty years ago, a poor farmer had to give the king, the nobles, and the church officers nineteen-twentieths of all he raised on his little farm. It is said that in France, at one time, a certain nobleman's wife could not sleep because the frogs in a near-by pond croaked and kept her awake. So the nobleman made the poor people living near this pond wade in it all night to keep the frogs from croaking so that the lady could sleep!

Our forefathers wanted every person in America to be as free as any king or nobleman on earth. They wanted every man to wade his own pond, if his wife wanted the frogs kept from croaking. So they said that they wanted every person to have the right to the "pursuit of happiness;" that is, the right to use what he earned to make his family and himself happy, instead of having to give his earnings to the king and the cruel nobles; to go about when and where he pleased, protected by laws that he had helped to make, without fear of arrest by the officers of a cruel king; to give his children an education, that they might become the equals of anybody. So they said that every man, woman, and child who should ever live under Old Glory should have the right to

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be a free man, or woman, or child, and to find his or her own happiness.

So they made the flag called "Old Glory," and it means that within our country, over which that flag floats, every man and woman and child shall be free and not a slave to any one.

For almost one hundred and fifty years, Old Glory has floated over the best and the freest country that the sun ever shone on, our own beautiful America. And wherever the old flag has floated to show American rule, the people have had the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

For hundreds of years, the Spaniards, who owned the island of Cuba, had treated the people of Cuba with awful and bloody cruelty. In 1898, America thought that this cruelty had gone on long enough. So America sent her army and her navy to carry Old Glory down to Cuba and to make the people of Cuba free. They drove the cruel Spaniards out of the island, and raised Old Glory over every Spanish castle in Cuba, where thousands of men and women had died in the horrible prisons.

Another nation might have taken Cuba for her own, and have added the island to her own lands. But America did not do so. She said to the Cubans:

"We have made you free. Now make for yourselves a little republic and be happy. No king or foreign nation shall rule over you longer. You shall have the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of your own happiness. And if any other nation ever bothers you, America will come down again to protect you."

No nation but our own America has ever done such a thing. So, you see, Old Glory stands for liberty not only for her own people, but also for all other peoples.

A few years ago, some wicked people called Boxers, in China, went about killing the people of all other nations. All the great nations sent armies to China to stop them. Bloody battles were fought, and the Boxers were put down and punished. Then the nations made China pay to each nation a large sum of money for what

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the Boxers had done. Every other nation except America took the money and kept it. But America said to China, "Keep the money and spend it to educate your children."

Thus Old Glory carried kindness and liberty and education to far-off China. The people of China love America for this generous act. They learned that the people of America want other peoples to have the liberty that they themselves have.

America is the only country in the whole world where a child can get an education from the kindergarten through college without its costing him anything. America will even buy a child's books and clothing for him so that he may go to school if he cannot buy them himself. And that, too, is what Old Glory stands for. All day, as it floats over your heads, it says to you, "You shall have equal rights with everybody else; you shall grow up to be free men and women; and you must get an education so that you may become good citizens and so that you may help in all the good work that I, Old Glory, stand for."

And Old Glory also says to you, that you shall not keep any one else from being free. If you are free yourself, you should always help others to be free. And you must never do anything to any one else that takes away his rights, even on the playground, for if you do you are not a good American, and you do not understand what Old Glory means.

If you ever find in America any one who does not love Old Glory, you will know at once that he does not know what Old Glory stands for. If he knew, he would love her. Try to teach him what she stands for.

At all places where our army is located, during times of peace, Old Glory is raised on a tall flagstaff at sunrise every morning and taken down at sunset. When the soldiers are taking down the flag at sunset, they do not let it touch the ground as it comes down, but take it tenderly in their arms, fold it carefully, and lay it away for the night, for they love it.

And so Old Glory should be dearer to us than anything else

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in the world, for she stands for love, and home, and education, and life, and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Just as long as Old Glory floats in the heavens, "a picture there against the sky," we shall have all these blessings.

Never let any one insult the flag, or speak meanly of it. Learn that Old Glory stands for all that is dear to us in life. When you come to school in the morning, always look at Old Glory high on the flagstaff over your schoolhouse, and salute it as a soldier does when the flag goes by. To do this, bring the tips of the fingers of your right hand quickly to the brim of your cap over the right eye, then quickly return the hand to your side. Then say to yourself, "*Dear* Old Glory, flag for me."

Be ready to give all for the dear old flag, for that means that you are always ready to give all for life, liberty, and the right to the pursuit of happiness, the right to be free and happy and to let others have the right to be free and happy.

Here is the "salute," or "pledge," to the flag and all that it means; but you will need to learn the meanings of the following words to understand the pledge:

I pledge (plĕj): I promise and will strive to keep my promise.
allegiance (ă-lē'jăns): loyalty, respect.
indivisible: that cannot be divided or broken up into smaller nations.
Liberty: the privilege of doing as you wish to do as long as it does not do harm to others or take from them their rightful privileges.
Justice: the doing to others as you would wish them to do to you; the giving to each person his rights provided for in the laws of the country.

I pledge allegiance to my flag
And to the Republic for which it stands, —
One nation — indivisible —
With Liberty and Justice for all.

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Whenever the flag salute or pledge is given, or the "Star-Spangled Banner" or "America" is played in your presence, stand at *once*, the boys with hats or caps off, and remain standing until the salute or the music is finished. This is to show your respect for Old Glory and for everything that the flag stands for, and to show everybody around you that you stand ready to give all, even your life, for your country.

Now read Mr. Rogers's beautiful poem, "Dear Old Glory, Flag for Me." Then, the class standing, with hands at "salute," repeat the pledge to the flag, thinking hard all the time that you will get your lessons, that you will be fair and just to everybody, and that you will thus grow up to be men or women who are worthy of the dear old flag that protects you.

Dear Old Glory, Flag for Me

My country's flag is flying high,
A picture there against the sky;
Brilliant stripes and colors three;
  Dear Old Glory, flag for me!

Each brilliant stripe, each shining star
Casts Freedom's message near and far;
Where'er you fly, my heart will be,
  Dear Old Glory, flag for me!

Wave on, old flag, from shore to shore,
Thy stars shall shine forevermore;
Allegiance I will pledge to thee,
  Dear Old Glory, flag for me!

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How much older is the American flag than the flag of Great Britain? Of France? Of Italy?
2. Who was the maker of our first flag?
3. What day is set aside each year as Flag Day?
4. What rights did our forefathers wish every one in America to have?
5. Did they have these rights in the countries from which they came?
6. What does the American flag stand for?
7. Why is our flag called "Old Glory"?
8. What is the "right to life"?
9. What is the "right to liberty"?
10. What is meant by the "right to the pursuit of happiness"?
11. How did the United States treat Cuba generously?
12. What noble thing did she do after the Boxer Rebellion in China?
13. What did other nations do?
14. Tell how Old Glory is raised and taken down at army and navy posts.
15. What should Old Glory mean to us?
16. Have you memorized the pledge to the flag?

A Salute to the Flag

Flag of our great republic,
Whose stars and stripes stand for bravery, purity, truth, and union, —
We salute thee!
We, the children of this land,
Who find rest under thy folds, —
We pledge our lives, our hearts, and sacred honor to protect thee,
Our country, and the liberty of the American people —
Forever!

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THE LITTLE POSTBOY

BAYARD TAYLOR

If you will look on the map of Europe in your geography, you will find, far up in northern Europe, a country called Sweden. It is a very beautiful country, but it is very cold in winter. The people know how to get along in very cold weather and are very brave about it, as you will find out in this delightful story.

This story is told by Mr. Bayard Taylor (bī′ẽrd tā′lẽr), a famous American traveler and writer. He visited nearly every country in the world, and wrote very interesting stories about them. You should look at his books in the library. If you do so, you will want to read some of them, and you will enjoy them, for they tell of many curious things in other countries. Mr. Taylor was born at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, in 1825, and died at Berlin, Germany, in 1878.

You will like this brave little postboy. A postboy is a boy who drives persons from place to place.

Learn the meanings of the following words before beginning to read Part I:

Stockholm (stŏk′hōlm): the capital or chief city of Sweden.

thrifty: saving, economical.

foreigners (fŏr′ĭn-ẽrz): persons traveling or living in a country other than his own.

Lapland: look it up on the map of Sweden.

aurora (ô-rō′râ): flashing lights in the northern sky at night.

lappets (lăp′ĕts): flaps on a cap to protect the ears.

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The Little Postboy

Part I

In my travels about the world, I have made the acquaintance of a great many children, and I have learned that ours is not the only country in which children must frequently begin, at an early age, to do their share of work and to accustom themselves to make their way in life. I have found many instances among other races, and in other climates, of youthful courage, and self-reliance, and strength of character.

This is the story of my adventure with a little postboy, in the northern part of Sweden.

Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter, on account of the intense cold. As you go northward from Stockholm, the capital, the country becomes wilder, and the climate more severe. In the sheltered valleys along the Gulf of Bothnia and the rivers which empty into it, there are farms and villages for a distance of seven or eight hundred miles, after which fruit trees disappear, and nothing will grow in the short, cold summers except potatoes and a little barley. Farther inland, there are great forests and lakes, and mountains where bears, wolves, and herds of wild reindeer make their home. No people could live in such a country unless they were very industrious and thrifty.

I made my journey in the winter, because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer sled

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can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold indeed, the greater part of the time; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people very kind, and cheerful, and honest, I should have felt inclined to turn back more than once.

In the northern part of Sweden, there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses, and sometimes vehicles, are kept, but generally the traveler has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another. These horses are furnished either by the keeper of the station or by some of the neighboring farmers; and when they are wanted, a man or a boy goes along with the traveler to bring them back.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, uphill and down until long after the stars came out, and then get a warm supper in some dark-red post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire.

The cold increased a little every day, to be sure, but I became gradually accustomed to it, and soon began to fancy that the Arctic climate was not so difficult to endure as I had supposed. At first the thermometer fell to zero; then it went down to ten degrees below; then twenty, and finally thirty. Being dressed in

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thick furs from head to foot, I did not suffer greatly; but I was very glad when the people assured me that such extreme cold never lasted more than two or three days. Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring back their fathers' horses, and so long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky. The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing one another up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon, with a rapidity and brilliance which I had never seen before. "There will be a storm soon," said my postboy; "one always comes after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I traveled onward as fast as possible. There was a long stretch of wild and thinly settled country before me, and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night. At seven o'clock in the evening, I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English miles, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. They had not expected any more travelers at the station, and were not prepared. The keeper had gone on with two lumber merchants; but his wife, — a

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friendly, rosy-faced woman, — prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer meat, upon which I made a satisfactory meal. The house was on the border of a large, dark forest, and the roar of the icy northern wind seemed to increase while I waited in the warm room. I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was unwilling to turn back.

"It is a bad night," said the woman; "and my husband will certainly stay at Umea until morning. But Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," said she. "He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night."

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

"Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by the hand, and asked, "Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes, and smiled; and his mother made haste to say: "You need not fear, sir. Lars is young, but he'll take you safe enough.

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If the storm doesn't get worse, you'll be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

I was again on the point of remaining; but while I was trying to decide what to do, the boy had put on his overcoat of sheepskin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin, and a thick woolen scarf around his nose and mouth so that only the round blue eyes were visible; and then his mother took down the mittens of hare's fur from the stove, where they had been hung to dry. He put them on, took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh soft hay, tucked in the reindeer skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat, making everything close and warm before we set out. I could not see at all, when the door of the house was shut, and the horse started on the journey. The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the dark fir trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so constantly and so cheerfully, that after a while my own spirits began to rise, and the way seemed neither so long nor so disagreeable.

"Ho, there, Axel!" he would say. "Keep the road, — not too far to the left. Well done! Here's a level; now trot a bit."

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this story? Who was he and what did he do?
2. Where is Sweden? Describe the country.
3. Where is Lapland? Why did Mr. Taylor go to Lapland in winter?
4. What is the weather like in winter in Lapland? Why are the days so short there in winter?
5. What do the people in Sweden look like? What are their houses like? What do they do in winter? How do they travel in winter?
6. How did Mr. Taylor travel? How was he dressed? Why was he ashamed to complain of the cold?
7. What does an aurora look like?
8. How long is a Swedish mile?
9. What was the name of the postboy? How old was he? What did he look like? How did he dress for the long drive?

PART II

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading Part II:

Norrlander: a person living in the cold northland.

oppressed (ŏ-prĕst′): here, finding it hard to breathe.

So we went on, — sometimes uphill, sometimes downhill, — for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs and fragments of hymns, as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed, or even impatient. Whenever I asked (as I did about every five minutes), "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "A little farther."

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Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

"Ah," said he, "now I know where we are: it's one mile more." But one mile more, you must remember, meant *seven*.

Lars checked the horse, and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also, but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he said. "The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no plows out to-night, we'll have trouble."

You must know that the farmers along the road are obliged to turn out with their horses and oxen, and plow down the drifts, whenever the road is blocked.

In less than a quarter of an hour, we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still. Lars and I arose from the seat and looked around. For my part, I could see nothing except some very indistinct shapes of trees. There was no sign of an opening through them. In a few minutes, the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's of no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we should sink to the waist. Wait a little, and we shall get through this one."

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Noble Ives

"LARS AND I AROSE FROM THE SEAT AND LOOKED AROUND"

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It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard smooth surface of the road; we could feel that the ground was uneven, and covered with roots and bushes. Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled, and began wading around among the trees. Then I got out on the other side, but had not proceeded ten steps before I began to sink so deeply into the loose snow that I was glad to get out of it and return to the sled. It was a desperate situation, and I wondered how we should ever get out of it.

I shouted to Lars, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he also came back to the sled. "If I knew where the road was," said he, "I could get into it again. But I don't know; and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I felt that if I slept I should soon be frozen.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lars, cheerfully. "I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear hunt, last winter, up on the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we'll do it to-night."

"What was it?"

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"Let me take care of Axel first," said Lars. "We can spare him some hay and one reindeer skin."

It was a slow and difficult task to unharness the horse, but we accomplished it at last. Lars then led him under the drooping branches of a fir tree, tied him to one of them, gave him an armful of hay, and fastened the reindeer skin upon his back. Axel began to eat, as if perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. The Norrland horses are so accustomed to cold that they seem comfortable in a temperature where one of ours would freeze.

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of the sled, and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side towards the wind. Then, lifting them on the other side, he said: "Now take off your fur coat, quick, lay it over the hay, and then creep under it."

I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them. When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars said we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and so loosen our clothes that they would not feel tight upon any part of the body. When this was done, and we lay close together, warming each other, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood.

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My hands and feet were no longer numb; a delightful feeling of comfort crept over me; and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

There was barely room for the two of us to lie, with no chance of turning over or rolling about. In five minutes, I think, we were asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day, at home. In fact, I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did Lars, though it seemed to me that we both talked in our sleep. But as I must have talked English and he Swedish, there could have been no connection between our remarks. I remember that his warm, soft hair pressed against my chin, and that his feet reached no further than my knees. Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still, I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen up on his elbow, and was peeping out from under the skins.

"I think it must be nearly six o'clock," he said. "The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out immediately; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking, Axel neighed.

"There they are!" cried Lars, and immediately

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began to put on his boots, his scarf, and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready, we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out this early to plow the road. They had six pairs of horses hitched to a wooden frame, something like the bow of a ship, pointed in front and spreading out to a breadth of ten or twelve feet. The machine not only cut through the drifts, but packed the snow, leaving a good, solid road behind it. After it had passed, we sped along merrily in the cold morning twilight, and, in little more than an hour, reached the post house at Umea, where we found Lars's father prepared to return home. He waited until Lars had eaten a good warm breakfast, when I said good-by to both, and went on towards Lapland.

Some weeks afterwards, on my return to Stockholm, I stopped at the same little station. This time the weather was mild and bright, and the father would have gone with me to the next post-house; but I preferred to take my little bed fellow and sled fellow. He was so quiet and cheerful and fearless, that, although I had been nearly all over the world, and he had never been away from home, — although I was a man and he was a young boy, — I felt that I had learned a lesson from him, and might probably learn many more, if I should know him better. We had a merry trip of two or three hours, and then I took leave of Lars for-

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ever. He is no doubt still driving travelers over the road, a handsome, courageous, honest-hearted young man, perhaps with his own son growing up to take his place and help some later stranger, like myself, through a winter storm.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the trip. How did they get into trouble? Why was Lars not afraid? How did he care for his faithful horse? How did he make a bed in the sled to keep them from freezing?
2. Tell how they spent the night.
3. How were they rescued?
4. How do you like Lars? Why was he a fine, brave boy?
5. What lesson do you think Mr. Taylor learned from him?

How many deeds of kindness
A little child can do,
Although it has but little strength
And little wisdom, too!
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by its love.

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SEPTEMBER

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

This beautiful poem tells us how a little girl, named Helen Fiske, must have used her eyes as she played in the fields around the old college town of Amherst, Massachusetts, where she was born in 1831. For this poem is an almost perfect picture of September. It tells just what may be seen on a walk in the country in the early autumn.

When Helen Fiske grew up she married Major Hunt, of the United States Army. He died in 1863, and some years after she married a Mr. Jackson, so she is known as Helen Hunt Jackson. But she always signed her poems and stories "H.H.," which stands, of course, for Helen Hunt. She died in 1884, and by her own wish was buried in Colorado Springs, where the great mountain called Pike's Peak towers over her grave. Her grave is visited each year by hundreds of travelers who love her poems and stories.

The world is a very wonderful place, if we only learn to use our eyes and ears. One who reads this poem wonders whether the other little girls who wandered with little Helen Fiske through the fields and along the streams saw all of the things that Helen saw. Some of you have been in the country in September. Did *you* see these things? Read the poem and see whether the poem brings back to you things which you have seen. Nearly every line has a picture beautiful enough for a painter. Be sure you see all of them.

September is sometimes said to be part summer and part autumn. This is the meaning of the lines, —

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" With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer."

All of the small grains are harvested; the fruits are ripe; the first sharp frosts have come; everything is being stored away for use in the long winter. The farmers are reaping the rich reward of all of their labors during the spring and summer.

gentian (jĕn'shăn): a beautiful flower usually blue in color.

sedges (sĕj'ĕz): marsh grass.

asters: star-shaped flowers of varying colors.

September

1

The goldenrod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

2

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

3

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook,

4

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;

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At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

5

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How many pictures are there in the first stanza? Describe each one of them.
2. How many in the second stanza? What does a gentian look like? How does the poet describe its edges?
3. What does milkweed look like? Describe the pods. Why does the poet call them "dusty"? What is inside a new pod? Why does she say the milkweed has "spun" its hidden silk?
4. Have you ever seen "sedges" or the patches of saw grass in damp places? What does the poet mean by what she says about this in stanza 3?
5. How can "asters by the brookside make asters in the brook"?
6. Describe the picture in the first two lines of stanza 4.
7. Read again the last two lines of stanza 4, then shut your eyes and try to see a flock of yellow butterflies.
8. "Tokens" are signs. What tokens or signs of September are named in the poem? Name all the other signs of September you can think of. See which one of the class can find the most signs.
9. What are the summer months? What are the autumn months? Then what does the poet mean by the last two lines of the poem?

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THE FROST

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD

Everybody likes a good poem, if he knows the things that will help him to understand it. He cannot read it or understand it unless he does know them. You know most of the things that are needed to read and to understand " The Frost."

You know the blustering noise made by the wind, the hail, and the rain; how the tall mountains are always " powdered " with snow, the work of " Jack Frost "; how the drops of water on the limbs of the trees look like diamonds when the sun comes out after Jack Frost has been at work; how he freezes a coating of ice over the breast of the lake like the steel armor the knights of the olden time wore in battle. You have seen the spearlike icicles hanging from the bank or margin of a river or lake where the rocks stick out. You know how Jack Frost puts pictures on the window panes, and how you breathe on them so that you can see out where Jack Frost has been at work in the night. You have seen frost pictures that looked like flowers and trees; like flocks of birds and many other things, all in colors of silver.

You know how Jack Frost freezes fruit and breaks water glasses and pitchers when water has carelessly been left in them; and how a pitcher or a glass tumbler, when it is cracked by the frost, goes " *tchick!* ".

But you will need to know a few words and their meanings before you read the poem about Jack Frost. Be sure you know what they mean and how to pronounce them.

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valley (văl'ĭ) : a hollow between hills or mountains.
height (hīt) : a hill or a mountain.
bustle (bŭs''l) : unnecessary fuss and noise.
crest : the top of a hill or a mountain.
boughs (bouz) : limbs of trees.
bevies (bĕv'ĭz) : flocks of birds.
temples (tĕm'p'lz) : large churches.
towers (tou'ĕrz) : tall, slender buildings, often used as lookouts.
margin (mär'jĭn) : here, the bank or shore of a lake or river.
rear (rēr) : to hold up, as one holds up his head; here, describing a rock on the margin of the lake.

THE FROST

1

The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way;
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they!"

2

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,

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That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

3

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities, and temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

4

But he did one thing that was hardly fair, —
He went to the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare, —
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And this glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I am drinking!"

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Did any one ever see Jack Frost at work?
2. Why does the poet say that Jack Frost "whispered"?
3. What does Jack Frost think of the way in which the "wind and the snow, the hail and the rain" do their work?
4. Does the falling snow make a noise?
5. Where may snow, Jack Frost's "powder," stay the year round?

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T. Schmitzberger

AUTUMN

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6. Tell how the outdoors looks after a rain when Jack Frost has followed it.
7. Do you know how the suits of armor, made of steel and worn by the old knights, looked? Why is the ice on the breast of the lake like them?
8. See which of the class can tell best, in the words of the poem, what Jack Frost does in stanza three.
9. Make the sound that is made by a glass tumbler when the frost cracks it.
10. Describe some of the work of Jack Frost as you have seen it around your home.
11. Ask your teacher to read to you slowly the part of "The Vision of Sir Launfal" which tells of the work of Jack Frost.
12. Tell how the frost is useful to man. (Read the introduction to "The Rain Song" on page 301 in this book.)

This story of Jack Frost and the way in which he does his busy work was written by Hannah Flagg Gould, an American poet, born in Lancaster, Massachusetts, in 1789. She died in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1865.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.

THOMAS HOOD

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

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HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

SUSAN COOLIDGE

The leaves had been wide awake all the long summer, playing in the sun and in the breezes at night. But September came, and they began to turn from green to yellow and brown and red, which, with the leaves, is the same thing as when your eyelids begin to grow heavy at bedtime.

So the Father Tree, just like your own father and mother, told his children that it was time for them to go to bed. And, like yourselves, they begged "to stay up just a little longer."

As you read this story-poem, try to think of the tree as a father and of the leaves as his children.

Notice, in the fifth stanza, how the tree made his children go to bed. Did your father, like the tree, ever shake his head at you when you begged "to stay up just a little longer"?

You doubtless know nearly all of the words in this poem, but perhaps you may not know the following:

frolicked (frŏl'ĭkt): ran about playfully.

huddled (hŭd''ld): kept close together.

swarm (swôrm): a large number of leaves close together like a swarm of bees.

How the Leaves Came Down

1

I'll tell you how the leaves came down: —
The great Tree to his children said,

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"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time you went to bed."

2

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief,
'Tis such a very pleasant day
We do not want to go away."

3

So, just for one merry day
To the great Tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among,

4

"Perhaps the great Tree will forget
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret;"
But the great Tree did no such thing,
He smiled to hear their whispering.

5

"Come, children all, to bed," he cried,
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

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6

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped up on her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

7

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said;
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How does the tree know when his children should go to bed?
2. In what way did the leaves, in the second stanza, act like children?
3. In the third stanza, in what way did the tree act like a parent?
4. Tell how, in the fourth stanza, the leaves again acted like children.
5. In the fifth stanza, why was the tree again like your father or mother?
6. Who was coming to wrap the leaves in white bedclothes?
7. Did the leaves, in the seventh stanza, again act like children? Why?
8. The next time you see the leaves falling, try to think of this poem.

Sarah Chauncey Woolsey, an American poet and story writer and author of "How the Leaves Came Down," wrote under the pen name "Susan Coolidge." She was born at Cleveland, Ohio, about 1845. She wrote many pleasant stories for girls.

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THE BROWNIES

JULIANA HORATIA EWING

This is a fairy story about two small boys who hated to work and wanted to find a Brownie to do their work for them. So they went to the Wise Old Owl to find how and where to find a Brownie. Read the story and discover how each of the boys found a Brownie who took great delight in doing his work. Maybe the story will help you to find a Brownie who will gladly do the work that you sometimes dislike to do. Perhaps the story will tell you so much that you will not have to go to the Wise Old Owl for help as these two boys did.

Anyway, although the author of the story never heard of you, it is possible that the Wise Old Owl has whispered to her something about you, and she may be able to offer you a hint in the story. And the story may help you to find out also whether you are a Brownie or a Boggart. Think carefully as you read. It may be that you are "Tommy" or "Johnnie."

Have you ever seen over a door a sign that read: —

"KEEP OUT
This means *you*"?

THE BROWNIES

PART I

"Children are a burden," sighed the tailor, as he sat at work.

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"Children are a blessing," said the old lady in the window.

It was the tailor's mother who spoke. She was a very old woman, and nearly helpless. All day she sat knitting rugs out of bits and scraps of cloth.

"What have my two boys ever done to help me?" continued the tailor, sadly. "Tommy does nothing but whittle sticks from morning till night. I have to almost drag him out of bed in the morning. If I send him on an errand, he loiters; I might better have gone myself. And if he does a little work, he does it so unwillingly and with such poor grace that I would rather have done it myself. Since their mother died, I have indeed had a hard time."

"There's Johnnie," said the old lady, dreamily. "He has a face like an apple."

"And just about as useful," said the tailor.

At this moment the two boys came in, their arms full of moss, which they dropped on the floor.

"I've swept this floor once to-day," said the father, "and I'm not going to do it again. Put that rubbish outside."

"Move it, Johnnie!" said Tommy. He then seated himself on a stool, and took out his knife and began to whittle a piece of wood. The apple-cheeked Johnnie stumbled and stamped over the moss, and scraped it out to the doorstep, leaving long trails of dirt behind him, and then sat down.

"Is there any supper, Grandmother?" asked Tommy.

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"No, my child, only some bread for breakfast to-morrow."

"O Grandmother, we are so hungry!" and the boy's eyes filled with tears.

"What can I do for you, my poor children?" said the good woman.

"Tell us a story, Grandmother, so that we can forget we are hungry. Tell us about the Brownie that used to live in your grandfather's house. What was he like?"

"Like a little man, they say, my dear."

"What did he do?"

"He came early in the morning before any one in the house was awake, and swept the room, and lighted the fire, and set the breakfast on the table. But he never would be seen, and was off before they could catch him. But they often heard him laughing and playing about the house."

"Did they give him any wages, Grandmother?"

"No, my dear, he did the work for love. They always set a pan of clear water for him, and now and then a bowl of bread and milk."

"O Grandmother, why did he go?"

"The maids caught sight of him one night, my dear, and his coat was so ragged that they got a new suit, and a linen shirt for him, and laid them by his bowl of bread and milk. But when Brownie saw these things, he put them on, and danced round the kitchen, and through the door, and he never came back again."

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"Didn't he like the new clothes?"

"The Old Owl knows, my dear; I don't. When I was young, many people used to go to see the Old Owl at moonrise, and ask her what they wanted to know. It was said that the Old Owl was a witch who took the shape of a bird, but couldn't change her voice. That is why the owl sits silent all day for fear she should betray herself by speaking, and she hasn't a voice for singing like other birds."

"How I wish a Brownie would come to live with us!" cried Tommy.

"Oh, I wish ours would come back!" cried both the boys together. "He would, —

"Sweep the room," said Johnnie;

"Fetch the moss," said Tommy;

"Pick up the chips," said Johnnie;

"Sort the scraps," said Tommy;

"And do everything. Oh, I wish he hadn't gone away!" said both.

"Will you let us set out a pan of water for the Brownie, Father?" asked Tommy.

"You may set out what you like, my boy, but you must go to bed now."

The boys brought out the pan of water. Then they climbed the ladder to the loft over the kitchen.

Johnnie was soon in the land of dreams, but Tommy lay awake thinking how he could find a Brownie and get him to live in their house. "There's an owl that lives in the old shed by the pond," he thought. "It

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may be the Old Owl herself. When the moon rises, I'll go and find her."

Part II

The moon rose like gold, and went into the heavens like silver, flooding the fields with a pale light, and painting black shadows under the stone walls. Tommy ran to the window. "The moon has risen," said he, "and it is time for me to go," and he crept softly down the ladder, and through the kitchen. There was the pan of water, but no Brownie, and he went on out into the still night. The air was fresh, not chilly, and it was a glorious night, though everything but the wind and Tommy seemed asleep. The stones, the walls, the lanes, were intensely still; the church tower in the valley seemed awake and watching, but silent; the houses in the village had their eyes shut; that is, their window blinds were down; and it seemed to Tommy as if the very fields had drawn white sheets over them, and lay sleeping also.

"Hoot! hoot!" cried a voice from the shed.

"That's the Old Owl now, I do believe," thought Tommy. He ran to the shed, and there on a beam sat the Old Owl.

"Come up here! come up here!" said the Owl.

Tommy had often climbed up there for fun; and he climbed up now, and sat face to face with the Old Owl; and he thought that her eyes looked as if they were made of flame.

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W. L. Haskell

He Climbed Up Now, and Sat Face to Face with the Old Owl

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"Now what do you want to know?" said the Owl.

"Please," said Tommy, "can you tell me where to find the Brownies, and how to get one to come and live with us?"

"Oohoo!" said the Owl, "I know of two Brownies."

"Hurrah!" said Tommy; "where do they live?"

"In your house; in your own house."

"In our house!" exclaimed Tommy. "Where? No one does any work in our house except Father."

"They are idle, they are idle," said the Old Owl, and she gave herself such a shake as she said it that Tommy nearly tumbled off the beam in his fright.

"Then we don't want them," said Tommy. "What is the use of having Brownies in the house, if they do nothing to help us?"

"Perhaps they don't know what to do."

"I wish you would tell me where to find them," said Tommy; "I could tell them what to do."

"Could you? Could you? Oohoo! Oohoo!" and Tommy couldn't tell whether the Owl was hooting or laughing.

"Of course I could," he said. "They might get up early in the morning and sweep the house, and light the fire, and spread the table, before Father comes downstairs. Oh! there's lots to do."

"So there is," said the Owl. "Oohoo! Well, I can tell you where to find one of the Brownies; and if you find him, he can tell you where to find his brother."

"I am ready to go," said Tommy. "I am sure that

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I can get them to come to our house. If they only knew how every one would love them if they made themselves useful!"

"Oohoo!" said the Owl. "Go to the north side of the pond, where the moon is shining on the water, turn yourself around three times, while you say this charm: —

> 'Twist me, and turn me, and show me the Elf —
> I looked in the water, and saw — '

Then look in the water, and at the same moment you will see the Brownie, and think of a word which rhymes with 'Elf' and makes the charm complete."

Tommy knew the place well. He ran to the north side of the pond, and, turning himself around three times, he repeated the charm. Then he looked into the water and saw — himself.

"Why, there's no one but myself!" said Tommy. "And what can the word be? I must have done it wrong. Belf! Celf! Delf! Felf! Gelf! Helf! Jelf! What rubbish! There can't be a word to fit it. And then to look for a Brownie, and see nothing but myself! What can it mean? The Old Owl knows, so I shall go back and ask her."

And back he went. There sat the Old Owl as before.

"Oohoo!" said she, as Tommy climbed up. "What did you see in the pond?"

"I saw nothing but myself," said Tommy.

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"And what did you expect to see?" asked the Owl.

"I expected to see a Brownie," said Tommy; "you told me that I should see one."

"And what are Brownies like?" inquired the Owl.

"The one Grandmother knew was a useful little fellow, something like a little man," said Tommy.

"Ah!" said the Owl, "but at present this one is an idle little fellow, something like a little man. Oohoo! Oohoo! Are you quite sure you didn't see him?"

"Quite," answered Tommy, sharply. "I saw no one but myself."

"Hoot! toot! And who are you?"

"I am not a Brownie," said Tommy.

"Don't be too sure," said the Owl. "Did you find out the word?"

"No," said Tommy. "I could find no word with any meaning that rhymed with 'elf,' except 'myself.'"

"Well, that rhymes," said the Owl. "Where is your brother now?"

"In bed in the loft," said Tommy.

"Then all your questions are answered. Good night," and the Old Owl began to shake her feathers.

"Don't go yet, please," said Tommy, humbly. "I don't understand you. I'm not a Brownie, am I?"

"Yes; you are," said the Owl, "and a very idle one, too. All children are Brownies."

"But I couldn't do work like a Brownie," said Tommy.

"Why not?" inquired the Owl. "Couldn't you

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sweep the floor, light the fire, spread the table, fetch the moss, pick up your own chips? You know 'there's lots to do.'"

"But I don't think I should like it," said Tommy. "I'd much rather have a Brownie do it for me."

"And what should you do?" asked the Owl. "Be idle, I suppose. Ah! if you only knew how every one would love you if you made yourself useful!"

"But is it really and truly so?" asked Tommy, in a dismal voice. "Are there no Brownies but children?"

"No, there are not," said the Owl. "Now listen to me, Tommy. The Brownies are little people and can do only little things. When they are idle and mischievous, they are called Boggarts, and they are a burden to the house they live in. When they are thoughtful and useful, they are Brownies, and they are a blessing to every one."

"I won't be a Boggart," cried Tommy. "I'll be a Brownie."

"That's right," nodded the Old Owl; "and remember that the Brownies never are seen at their work. They get up early in the morning and do their work, and get away before any one sees them."

"Please," said Tommy, "I should like to go home now and tell Johnnie. It's getting cold, and I'm so tired!"

"I will take you home," said the Old Owl, and in a moment Tommy found himself sitting in bed in the loft, with Johnnie sleeping by his side.

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Part III

"How quickly we came!" said Tommy to himself. "That is certainly a very wise Old Owl. But is it morning? That is very strange! I thought the moon was shining. Come, Johnnie, get up, I have a story to tell you."

And while Johnnie sat up and rubbed his eyes, Tommy told him of his visit to the Old Owl.

"Is that all true?" asked Johnnie.

"It is all just as I tell you, and if we don't want to be Boggarts, we must get up and go to work; though, oh, dear! I should like to stay in bed. I say," he added after a pause, "suppose we do stay in bed. It won't matter being a Boggart one more night. I mean to be a Brownie, though, before I grow up."

"I won't be a Boggart at all," said Johnnie. "But I don't see how we can be Brownies, for I'm afraid we can't do things."

"Yes, we can," said Tommy, following his brother's example and getting up. "Don't you suppose I can light a fire? Think of all the bonfires we have made! I am sure I can sweep the floor. It's that stupid putting-away-things-when-you've-done-with-them that I hate so!"

The Brownies crept softly down the ladder and into the kitchen. There was the empty hearth, the dirty floor, and all the odds and ends lying about, looking very cheerless in the dim light. There is no such cure

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for untidiness as clearing up after other people; one sees so clearly where the fault lies.

"Look at that doorstep, Johnnie," said Tommy. "What a mess you made of it! If you had lifted the moss carefully, instead of stamping and struggling with it, it would have saved us ten minutes' work this morning."

"What do you think I've found?" said Johnnie, triumphantly. "Father's measure that has been lost for a week!"

"Hurrah!" said Tommy; "put it where he will see it. That's just the sort of thing for a Brownie to do. Now you can go and dig some potatoes to roast for breakfast, while I light the fire, sweep the room, dust the chairs, and set the table."

They had just finished with their work and were putting the hot potatoes in a dish when they heard footsteps.

"There's Father," said Tommy; "we must run." And back to bed they went. The poor tailor came wearily down the stairs. Morning after morning, since his wife's death, he had come down and found an untidy room and an empty table. But now, when he came into the kitchen, he looked around in great surprise, and rubbed his eyes; then he went to the fire and held out his hand to see if it was really warm; he then went to the table and touched the potatoes, and stared at the sunshine pouring in on the clean floor. Then he ran to the stairs and shouted, "Mother, Mother! boys,

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boys, the Brownie has come! — and if he hasn't found my measure!"

There was great excitement in the small house that day, but the boys said nothing.

All day the tailor talked about the Brownie. "I have often heard of the Good Little People," he said, "but this is wonderful. To come and do this work for a pan of cold water! Who would have believed it?"

"You might have believed it long before this, if you had listened to me," said the old grandmother.

The boys said nothing until they were both in bed. Then Tommy said: "The Old Owl was right, and we must stick to our work, if we don't want to be Boggarts. But I don't like to have Father think that we are still idle. I wish he could know that we are the Brownies."

"So do I," said Johnnie.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Tommy; "after we have gone on working for a while, we'll tell him."

Day after day went by, and still the boys rose early, and each day they found more and more to do. The Brownies were the joy of the tailor's life.

One day a message came for the tailor to make a suit of clothes in a farmhouse several miles away. When his work was finished, the farmer paid him at once, and the farmer's wife gave him a coat to make over for his boys.

The tailor thanked them, and said farewell, and started for home. He went down the valley, where

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the river, wandering between the green banks and the sandy rocks, was caught by giant mosses, and bands of fairy fern, and there choked and struggled, and at last barely escaped, and ran away in a diminished stream; and then he went on up the purple hills to the old house. As he came near his home, he saw that the yard was clean and that the garden had been weeded. "It's that blessed Brownie!" he exclaimed; "and I shall make a suit of clothes for him."

"If you make clothes for the Brownie, he will leave the house," said the grandmother.

"Not if the clothes are a good fit, Mother. I shall measure them by Tommy, for they say the Brownies are about his size."

At last a fine new suit with brass buttons was finished and laid out for the Brownie.

"Don't the clothes look fine?" said Tommy, when they came down in the morning; "I shall try them on."

He dressed up and was dancing around the floor to the tune of his own laughter; he shouted: "Hurrah! I feel just like a Brownie."

The tailor was wakened by the laughter, and, as he was determined to catch a glimpse of the Brownies, he stepped softly downstairs. There was Johnnie sweeping the floor, and Tommy dancing about in the new suit.

"What does this mean?" shouted the father.

"It's the Brownies," said the boys.

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"This is no joke," cried the tailor, angrily. "Where are the real Brownies, I say?"

"We are the only Brownies, Father," said Tommy.

"I can't understand this. Who has been sweeping the kitchen lately, I should like to know?"

"We have," said the boys.

"But who found my measure?"

"I did," said Johnnie.

"And who gets the breakfast, and puts my things in order?"

"We do! We do!" they shouted.

"But when do you do it?" asked the tailor.

"Early in the morning before you come down," said they.

"But I always have to call you," said the tailor.

"We go back to bed again," said the boys.

"But if you do the work," said the tailor, "where is the Brownie?"

"Here!" cried the boys; "we are the Brownies, and we are sorry that we were Boggarts so long."

Great was the joy of the father to know how helpful his boys had become. The old grandmother, however, could hardly believe that a real Brownie had not been in the house. But as she sat in her chair by the window with her knitting, day after day, and watched the boys at their work, she often repeated her favorite saying, "Children are a blessing."

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what the tailor thought of children. What had made him think this?
2. Tell what the grandmother thought of children. Why did she think this?
3. Why did the boys want to find a Brownie? Should you like to find one?
4. Tell how the Old Owl taught Tommy to find a Brownie.
5. What is the difference between a Brownie and a Boggart?
6. Which did Tommy determine to be?
7. Tell how the boys started out to be their own Brownies.
8. What did the tailor believe about the good Brownie? (You see, the boys had been such Boggarts that he could not believe that a real Brownie had not done the work.)
9. Tell how the tailor found out who the Brownies were.
10. Do you suppose there really was a Wise Old Owl, or did Tommy have a dream, or were his *thoughts* the Wise Old Owl?
11. Have *you* ever had a talk with the Wise Old Owl? What did she say to you?

Juliana Horatia Ewing was born in Ecclesfield in Yorkshire, a few miles from Sheffield, England, in 1841. She started her literary life as the story-teller of the nursery. Her character was strongly marked by the uprightness, gentleness, and generosity which she loved to dwell on in her stories. She died May 13, 1885.

Do all the good you can
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.

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HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Every people that lived in the long ago had some great hero of whom its poets and story-tellers sang songs and told wonderful stories of heroic deeds. These early peoples, compared with the peoples that live now, are like children compared with grown persons. That is, they loved wonder stories just as children do now. And around their campfires, the old, old men would tell the stories of their heroes to the younger people. And just as children now believe fairy stories, these early peoples believed the wonder-stories of their heroes.

The great hero of the American Indians was Manabozo (măn-à-bō'zō), but he was sometimes called Hiawatha (hē-à-wä'thà). He was a very wonderful man, according to the story. He could be a handsome young man one minute, and the next minute turn himself into an ugly giant, or into any kind of animal that he wanted to be.

Once he had a terrible battle with Mudjekeewis (mŭd-jĕ-kē'-wĭs), the powerful West Wind. Whenever you see a great bowlder or rock in a field, you should remember how the Indians accounted for its being there. They thought these bowlders were great stones which Hiawatha hurled at Mudjekeewis in his great fight with him.

Hiawatha wore moccasins that could help him to stride a mile at a step. And he had a very wonderful boat that he could make go very fast by just sitting still in it and *thinking* that it should go.

The Indians sometimes described him as a very good hero, and

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sometimes as a very mischievous and wicked giant. But Mr. Longfellow makes him very good and noble.

This story, "Hiawatha's Childhood," tells of his birth and of how he grew up. It is a very wonderful story, and as you read it, try to think that you are a little Indian listening at an Indian campfire, with wigwams all about you, to a very old Indian who is telling the story.

You will enjoy the story much more if you will learn how to pronounce the proper names in the story before reading it. Here they are:

Gitche Gumee (gĭt'chē gū'mē): the Big-Sea-Water, or Lake Superior.

Nokomis (nō-kō'mĭs): Hiawatha's grandmother.

linden cradle: a cradle woven from the bark of the linden tree.

Ewa-yea (ē-wä-yā'): this word in the Chippewa Indian language means exactly the same as our word lullaby.

Minne-wawa (mĭn-nē-wä'wä): the musical sound made by the wind in the trees.

Mudway-aushka (mŭd-wā-ôsh'kȧ): the sound of waves lapping on the shore.

Wah-wah-taysee (wah-wah-tā'-sē): the firefly.

Iagoo (ē-ä'gōō): the story-teller; the great boaster.

Opechee (ō-pē'chē): the robin.

Owaissa (ō-wās'sȧ): the bluebird.

Adjidaumo (ăd-jĭ-daw'mō): the squirrel.

Soan-ge-taha (sōn-gē-tä'hȧ): brave, strong-hearted.

Mahn-go-taysee (män-gō-tā'sē): loon-hearted or brave.

Pronounce these names over and over until you can say them easily. And be sure to learn and to remember what each one means.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,

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Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.
There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"
Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed the broad white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.
At the door on Summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,

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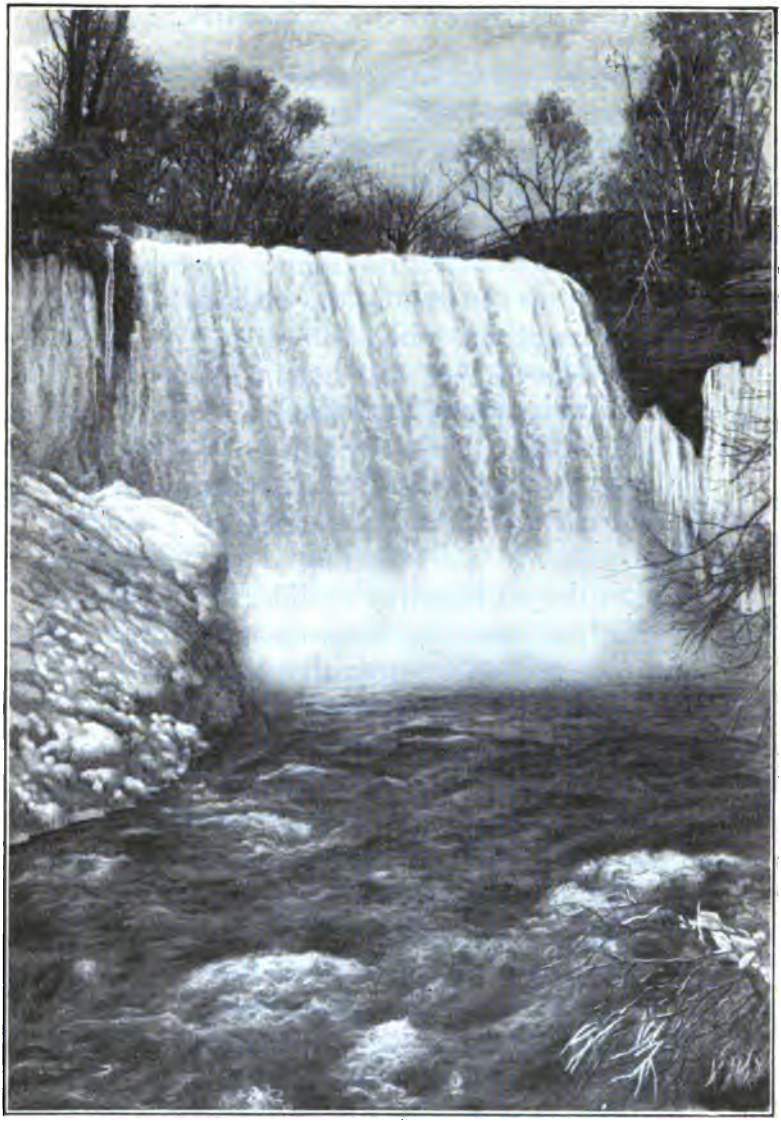

MINNEHAHA FALLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

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Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.
Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:

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"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that?" he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

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Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deerskin.
Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"
Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Up the oak tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
And the rabbit from his pathway

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Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow;
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,

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Leaped as if to meet the arrow,
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.
From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the place where Hiawatha's wigwam stood.
2. What did the Indians think shadows are?
3. What did little Hiawatha think the pine tree said?
4. How did Nokomis explain the moon to Hiawatha?
5. How did the stars come to be in the sky?
6. What did Nokomis tell him about the owls?
7. What did Hiawatha call the birds? What did he call the animals?
8. Who made Hiawatha's bow? How was it made?
9. What was he sent out to kill?
10. What did the birds and the animals say to him?

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HIAWATHA'S FASTING

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

This is the story that tells how Hiawatha found a new food for his people. They had lived on the meat of deer and the wild fowl, and upon berries and the rice that grew wild in the small northern lakes. But they had never made the earth give them food by planting and raising their foods as we do. So when game was scarce and berries and wild rice did not grow, they starved.

Hiawatha made up his mind to find for his people a good food that they could *make* grow from the earth. He had seen his people starving when there was no game or rice or berries. And he prayed to Gitchee Manito, his god, —

"Master of Life!" he cried desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?" —

meaning the game and wild rice and berries, which nature had provided for them.

When the Indians want to talk or pray to their Manito, they fast, or go without eating, for many days. So Hiawatha fasted for seven days and nights. Then when he was very weak from fasting, the Manito sent answer to his prayer. And Hiawatha —

" — saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendor of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden."

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You will see at once that the "youth" was a stalk of our glorious Indian corn or maize. You will see that his plumes were the green leaves and that his hair was the corn silk or perhaps the tassel.

So Mondamin, the god of corn, came to man because Hiawatha prayed for something that would be a good food for his people.

But you will see, as you read the story, that Mondamin made Hiawatha "wrestle" with him. That means, of course, that the Indians must work if they are to have corn. Then he tells Hiawatha what his people must do to have corn for food.

The part of the poem that tells of the planting, the cultivating, and the harvesting of the corn is very beautiful when you understand it. As you read it, try to find the meaning of every line and you will find it a fine story.

Be sure to learn the pronunciations of the following words before you read the poem, and practice pronouncing them until you do not stumble over them. Learn also what each one means.

Big-Sea-Water: Lake Superior.

Bena (bē′nȧ): the pheasant.

Omeme (o̍-mē′mḛ̆): the pigeon.

Wawa (wä′wä): the wild goose.

Muskoday (mŭs′ko̍-dä̆): the meadow.

Mahnomonee (mä-no̍-mō′nḛ̆): the wild rice.

Meenahga (mḛ̆-nä′gȧ): the blueberry.

Odahmin (o̍-dä′mĭn): the strawberry.

Shahbomin (shä-bō′mĭn): the gooseberry.

Bemahgut (bḛ̆-mä′gŭt): the grapevine.

Nahma (nä′mȧ): the sturgeon.

Sahwa (sä′wä): the yellow perch.

Maskenozhȧ (măs-kĕn-o̍′zhȧ): the pike.

Okahahwis (o̍-kȧ-hä′wĭs): the herring.

Shawgashee (shaw′gȧ-shḛ̆): the crawfish.

Mondamin (mŏn-dä′mĭn): the god of maize or Indian corn.

Shuh-shuh-gah (shŭ-shŭ′gä): the heron.

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HIAWATHA'S FASTING

PART I

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.
First he built a lodge for fasting,
Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water;
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And, with dreams and visions many,
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.
On the first day of his fasting
Through the leafy woods he wandered;
Saw the deer start from the thicket,
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
Building nests among the pine trees,
And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,
Flying to the fen lands northward,
Whirring, wailing far above him.

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"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"
On the next day of his fasting
By the river's brink he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,
Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,
And the strawberry, Odahmin,
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
And the grapevine, the Bemahgut,
Trailing o'er the alder branches,
Filling all the air with fragrance!
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"
On the third day of his fasting
By the lake he sat and pondered,
By the still, transparent water;
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
Scattering drops like beads of wampum,
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
And the herring, Okahahwis,
And the Shawgashee, the crawfish!
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"
On the fourth day of his fasting
In his lodge he lay exhausted;
From his couch of leaves and branches

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W. L. Taylor

HIAWATHA AND MINNEHAHA

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Gazing with half-open eyelids,
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
On the gleaming of the water,
On the splendor of the sunset.
And he saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendor of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.
Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha,
Looked with pity and compassion
On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, "O my Hiawatha!
All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others;
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.
"From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,

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How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"
Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;
At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigor
Run through every nerve and fiber.
So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
And the more they strove and struggled,
Stronger still grew Hiawatha;
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine trees,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.
"'Tis enough!" then said Mondamin,
Smiling upon Hiawatha,
"But to-morrow, when the sun sets,
I will come again to try you."
And he vanished, and was seen not;
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
Whether rising as the mists rise,

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Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
Only saw that he had vanished,
Leaving him alone and fainting,
With the misty lake below him,
And the reeling stars above him.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why did Hiawatha fast?
2. What things did he see on the first day of his fasting? Of what use were they to the Indians? What happened when there were no animals, berries, or rice? When Hiawatha saw that game, berries, and rice could not always be had for food, what did he ask "The Master of Life"?
3. In Hiawatha's grief at the starvation of his people, who came to him? What did he look like? What was he really? Why were Hiawatha's prayers heard in heaven? What did Hiawatha have to do to win the corn as a food for his people? What does this really mean?

PART II

Learn the pronunciations and meanings of the following words before reading Part II:

Kahgahgee (kä-gä-gē′): the raven.
Wawonaissa (wô-wŏ-nās′sȧ): the whip-poor-will.
Sebowisha (sē-bŏ-wĭsh′ȧ): the rivulet.
melancholy moorlands: dreary-looking marshlands.

On the morrow and the next day,
When the sun through heaven descending,
Like a red and burning cinder
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,
Fell into the western waters,

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Came Mondamin for the trial,
For the strife with Hiawatha;
Came as silent as the dew comes,
From the empty air appearing,
Into empty air returning,
Taking shape when earth it touches
But invisible to all men
In its coming and its going.
Thrice they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
Till the darkness fell around them,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine trees,
Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.
Tall and beautiful he stood there,
In his garments green and yellow;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breathing,
And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.
And he cried, "O Hiawatha!
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,
And the Master of Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph!"
Then he smiled and said: "To-morrow
Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.

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You will conquer and o'ercome me;
Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.
"Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine."
And thus saying, he departed;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whip-poor-will complaining,
Perched upon his lonely wigwam;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,
Talking to the darksome forest;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided
At the passing of the night wind,
Heard them, as one hears in slumber
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers:
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

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On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,
Only said to her, "Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat weary waiting
For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the autumn
Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into his bosom.

And behold! the young Mondamin,
With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,

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With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.
And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.
Round about him spun the landscape,
Sky and forest reeled together,
And his strong heart leaped within him,
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes.
Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.
Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle;
And before him breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.
And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above him;

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And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!
  Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.
  Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.
  Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha

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Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"
Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of his new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.
And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What was Hiawatha to do with Mondamin after he conquered him in wrestling? What does this mean? (Lines 2–15, p. 88.) What is the real meaning of burying Mondamin? How must he protect Mondamin after he had buried him? Who were Mondamin's enemies?
2. How did Mondamin rise again? (Lines 22–23, p. 91.)
3. What, then, did Hiawatha, by his fasting, find for his people?
4. Can you ever again see the planting, the cultivation, and the husking of corn without thinking of this beautiful Indian story?

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Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, usually considered as first among American poets, was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807. He was a professor of literature at Bowdoin College, Maine, and at Harvard College, for many years, resigning the latter position in 1854 to devote his time to writing. He is beloved by children as "The Children's Poet." Mr. Longfellow died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1882, universally loved and honored.

All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

PHŒBE CARY

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck, —
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong — and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

ELLA HIGGINSON

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THE WINDY NIGHT

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Here is a story of the howling wind and what it does and says. It was written by Thomas Buchanan Read, an American poet and sculptor. He was born at Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1822, and died at New York City in 1872. Compare it with Mr. Field's poem called "The Night Wind," page 99, and decide which tells better the story of the wind.

This poem is full of pictures and sounds. Remember that you have not *read* the poem until you have seen all the pictures and heard all the sounds. Study it hard, shutting your eyes after reading several lines, and trying hard to recall the pictures and the sounds it mentions.

Can you hear wind-blown limbs of trees " creak " as the wind tosses them?

All four stanzas are full of " sound pictures." Try to hear every one of them as you study the poem.

Here are the words you must learn, if you wish to understand the poem:

alow (*ȧ*-lō′): close down to the roof.

aloof: high.

dismal tune: sounds that make us shiver with fear or loneliness.

dreary: mournful.

bay: to bark or howl, as wolves " bay " at the moon.

amain: violently.

tempests: storms, winds.

cur: a worthless dog.

gusty door: a door through which the wind is blowing.

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vane: the weathercock to tell the direction of the wind.
jostle (jŏs″l): a crowding.
bustle (bŭs″l): a great stir.
festival: a party.
main: power, strength.
smite: to hit.
sexton: one who takes care of a church, rings the bell, and digs graves.
funeral knell (nĕll): the bell rung, or tolled, for a funeral.

The Windy Night

1

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the midnight tempests howl!
With a dreary voice, like the dismal tune
Of wolves that bay at the desert moon; —
Or whistle and shriek
Through limbs that creak,
"Tu-who! tu-whit!"
They cry and flit,
"Tu-whit! Tu-who!" like the solemn owl!

2

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
Sweep the moaning winds amain,
And wildly dash
The elm and ash,
Clattering on the window sash,
With a clatter and patter,
Like hail and rain
That well nigh shatter
The dusky pane!

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A Gust of Wind

Corot

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3

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the tempests swell and roar!
Though no foot is astir,
Though the cat and the cur
Lie dozing along the kitchen floor,
There are feet of air
On every stair!
Through every hall —
Through each gusty door,
There's a jostle and bustle,
With a silken rustle,
Like the meeting of guests at a festival!

4

Alow and aloof,
Over the roof,
How the stormy tempests swell!
And make the vane
On the spire complain —
They heave at the steeple with might and main
And burst and sweep
Into the belfry, on the bell!
They smite it so hard, and they smite it so well,
That the sexton tosses his arms in sleep,
And dreams he is ringing a funeral knell!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Like what does the wind howl? (Stanza 1.)

2. The next night that the wind is howling around your

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house, try to hear whether the moving limbs of the tree really say, "Tu-whit! To-who!" like an owl's cry.

3. Why does the poet say "the *dusky* pane"? What time of day or night must it have been?
4. In the third stanza, to what things does the poet liken the sound of the wind?
5. What word does he use (stanza 4) to describe the creaking of the weather vane? Does it describe it well?
6. Can the wind make a church bell ring? What would it sound like?
7. What does it make the sexton dream? (Stanza 4.)

The Wind

The wind has a language I would I could learn;
Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern;
Sometimes it comes like a low, sweet song,
And all things grow calm, as the sound floats along;
And the forest is lulled by the dreary strain;
And slumber sinks down on the wandering main;
And its crystal arms are folded in rest,
And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

THOMAS TUSSER

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THE NIGHT WIND

EUGENE FIELD

Every one knows how the wind sounds around the house on a November night. Think a moment and try to hear it in your mind. Does it say, "Yooooooo"?

Eugene Field thought that is the way to spell the sound it makes. When you are going to school or home from school, try to think of the sound the wind makes when it howls around the house, and then try to imitate it. Try to whistle it. Then holding your lips lightly together, use your voice to make the sound. Try to do this; then think, "Is that the sound which the wind makes?" Practice till you can imitate the sound of the wind howling on a November night, so that you can do it for the class when you read this poem. Remember this: you cannot in any way really understand this poem until you can hear in your mind the wind saying to the little boy, "Yooooooo!"

In spite of all our courage, we grow afraid when the Wind Wolf howls around the house at night. He howls to tell us that old Winter, in his white blanket, is coming.

There are many pictures to see in this poem, and also to hear—pictures which may be called "sound pictures," like the howling of the wind.

In studying the lesson, be sure you keep on trying until you understand every line and see all the eye pictures and hear all the ear pictures. The true reading of the poem depends upon your hearing the wind say "Yooooooo" (*you*), to the little boy.

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The poem is simply a story of how a little boy who had been bad asked the night wind, "Who's been bad to-day?" and of how the night wind answered, "Yooooooo," meaning *you.*

As you read the story aloud to your classmates, *tell* it to them in the words of the poem, answering the boy's question just as he heard the wind answer him, with the exact sound made by the wind as it said, "Yoo-oo-oo-oo-oo." The required sound is not *yō*, but *yo͞o*, prolonged to a great length.

There are only a few words that you will need to learn:

broods: hovers over, possibly meaning that the darkness hovers over the earth like a hen upon her eggs.

ghostly (gōst'lĭ): like a ghost around the house at night, whistling, "Yooooooo."

tad: a little boy.

hoarsely (hōrs'lĭ): speaking like a person with a cold.

meaningful: full of meaning.

model (mŏd'ĕl): here meaning a good boy.

ruefulest (ro͞o'fo͞ol-ĕst): a tone full of grief.

The Night Wind

1

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yooooo"?
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
When folks should be asleep;
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,

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That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:
"Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!"

2

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little tad)
That when the wind went wailing so
Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
"Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!"

3

That this was true I must allow —
You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,

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Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away
From mother and the rest —
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone:
"Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!
Yooooooo!"

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why is the night wind "a pitiful thing to hear"?
2. Did it ever "chill you with fear"?
3. What is "speechless fear"?
4. What does the word "deep" mean in the first stanza?
5. Shakespeare thought the dark was like a big blanket over the earth. What did Mr. Field think it was like?
6. What question did Mr. Field, when a boy, ask the wind? (Second stanza.) What did it answer?
7. The next time you have been sent to bed early, ask the howling wind, "Who's been bad?" and listen to what it will say.

Eugene Field, a beloved American poet, was born at St. Louis, Missouri, September 2, 1850. Mr. Field was a newspaper writer. He wrote many poems about children and for them. He died at Chicago in 1895.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

In the story of "Little Daffydowndilly," you will learn about a very severe old schoolmaster. While you are reading the story, you may think that you have never known this old schoolmaster, but you will discover later that you have always known him; indeed, that you have seen him and his many brothers as often as Little Daffydowndilly saw them.

Such a story as "Little Daffydowndilly" is called an allegory (ăl'ē-gō-rĭ), which is simply a story in which some quality or thing, such as goodness, badness, idleness, hard work, or patience, is represented as a person, and in which a life lesson is taught. An allegory always has another and a hidden meaning under what seems to be the real meaning. So in this story there is a hidden meaning, and there is also a life lesson for every one who does not like to work. We shall not tell you what the hidden meaning is nor what the life lesson is. You must find them for yourselves; and if you try to do so and succeed, you will have had a very pleasant time while studying this story.

It will be best to read the story the first time just as you read any other story. Then, knowing that it is full of hidden meanings, turn back and read the story again slowly and carefully, trying hard to find them and also the life lesson that Mr. Hawthorne meant that you should learn, for, although he never heard of you, he had you and all other boys and girls in mind when he wrote the story.

After you have read the story, try to think: —

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1. Who is Mr. Toil?

2. Have I, as well as Little Daffydowndilly, ever known him, and where have I met him?

3. What did Mr. Hawthorne want to teach all boys and girls when he wrote this story?

The story of "Little Daffydowndilly," as given here, has been slightly simplified.

When you come to the last paragraph of the story, remember that the old schoolmaster's "smile of approbation" means a smile of pleasure because the boy in this story had learned that it is much pleasanter to do one's work bravely and patiently than to run away from it.

Now let us see whether you can really *read* this story; that is, whether you can find its hidden meanings and its life lesson.

Little Daffydowndilly

Part I

Daffydowndilly was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best said that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy person; and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories be true, he had always dwelt upon earth.

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Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a stern and ugly look upon his face, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long, this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or walked slowly about the schoolroom with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who had not learned their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

"This will never do for me," thought Daffydowndilly.

Now, the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil and who had always let her little boy do about as he pleased. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woeful change, to be sent away from the good lady's side, and put under the care of this ugly-faced schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away, and try to find my dear mother; and,

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at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket-money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance when he overtook a man of grave and calm appearance, who was walking at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very truthful nature, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil; and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside,

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or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get along through the world much easier by having a man who knew how to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger's offer, and they walked on in a very friendly manner.

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a tiresome schoolroom, learning lessons all day long, and being scolded all the time by old Mr. Toil. But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him amongst the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off

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his coat and waistcoat, and was busily at work in his shirt-sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were exactly the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must have been just entering his schoolroom.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who looked so much like Mr. Toil. The two travelers had gone but little farther, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were building a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broadaxes, and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window sashes, and nailing on the boards; and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broadax, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to bother him.

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But, just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright.

"Make haste. Quick, quick!" cried he. "There he is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger; and he saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and all the time telling the other carpenters to keep on working. And wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled face, the men seemed to feel that they had a taskmaster over them, and sawed and hammered and planed, as if for dear life.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why was the boy in this story called "Daffydowndilly"? What flower had the author in mind in giving

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him this name? Does a flower do any work, or does it just seem to be happy without doing any work?

2. Why is the boy's schoolmaster called "Mr. Toil"? Does the author mean that we go to school only in a schoolhouse, or does he mean that in everything we do we "go to school," and that Mr. Toil is always our schoolmaster?
3. What kind of schoolmaster is "Mr. Toil"? What does he look like? How does he treat idle boys and girls?
4. Why did Daffydowndilly want to run away from Mr. Toil's school? Have you ever gone to his school? Did you also want to run away? Did you ever try to do so? If so, tell how.
5. Whom did Daffydowndilly meet soon after he ran away? Does this mean that he really ran away and really met a man on the road? If not, what does it mean?
6. What did the stranger say to the boy? What did his voice sound like? What is the hidden meaning in this?
7. What did the stranger mean when he said, "Then we will go *together*"? Line 23, p. 106.
8. What is the hidden meaning in, "And they walked on in a very friendly manner"? Line 6, p. 107. Had Daffydowndilly yet found that *running away is toil?*
9. How did the haymaking seem at first to the boy? Whom did he see among the haymakers? Who did the boy's companion say the stern old farmer was who was driving his men to "make hay while the sun shone"? What is the hidden meaning in this?
10. What interesting scene did the two travelers come upon next? What were the carpenters doing? How did the boy like what they were doing? What did he soon find out about it? Whom did he find here also? What is the hidden meaning in this?
11. Tell of your own acquaintance with Mr. Toil.

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Part II

Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly, they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers, gayly dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes as hard as they could, and making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he was only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never dare to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great fear; for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded exactly like that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth. And, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand. And though he held his head so high, and strutted

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like a turkey cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very quietly. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a terribly severe fellow; but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly, "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger started on their journey again; and, by and by, they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; "for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!"

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness

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of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle bow instead of a birch rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and skill as if he had been a fiddler all his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

"Oh dear me!" whispered he, turning pale. "It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Mister Pleasure, but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Pray let us go a little farther," said Daffydowndilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; and whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil. He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid houses. Everywhere there was sure to be somebody wearing the

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likeness of Mr. Toil, and who, as the stranger affirmed, was one of the old schoolmaster's many brothers.

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death, when he saw some people lying lazily in a shady place, by the side of the road. The poor child begged his companion that they might sit down there, and take some rest.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he; "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But, even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and heaviest, and most sleepy of all those lazy and heavy and sleepy people who had lain down in the shade. Who should it be, again, but the very image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who was bred in Italy, where he acquired very idle habits, and goes by the name of Mr. Donothing. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

"Oh take me back! — take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse!"

"Yonder it is, — there is the schoolhouse!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

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There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered, and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's story, are of opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that patient, hard work is not in any way more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. After the travelers had left the carpenters, to what pleasant scene did they come? Why did the boy think he would never see Mr. Toil or any of his brothers there? What brother did he find there?

2. At what scene did they next arrive? Why did the boy feel sure that no brother of Mr. Toil should be found there? What brother was there? What is the hidden meaning in this? Have you ever heard the old say-

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ing, "He who dances must pay the fiddler"? What does it mean? Who at the dance had to *toil?*

3. Tell why Daffydowndilly could not go to any place without finding some brother of his old schoolmaster. What is the hidden meaning in this?
4. How did Daffydowndilly feel by this time? What did he want to do now? To whom did he and his companion come now? Why did the boy feel certain that he would not see there any brother of Mr. Toil? Whom did he see at once? What is the hidden meaning in this? Are lazy people happy? What does laziness, when one indulges in it, soon become?
5. Describe Daffydowndilly's feelings at this time. What did he say to his companion? What is the hidden meaning in this?
6. To what place did Daffydowndilly want to return now? Why?
7. Where was the schoolhouse at this time?
8. Why does Mr. Hawthorne say, "They had traveled in a circle"? Try to think what this means.
9. What did Daffydowndilly now discover in his companion's voice and appearance that he had not before noticed? With whom had he been traveling all the time? What is the hidden meaning in this?
10. What did Daffydowndilly learn from his attempt to run away from Mr. Toil? What is the real meaning of this?
11. Who may "Little Daffydowndilly" be?
12. Have you ever gone to school to Mr. Toil?
13. Why is he called a "schoolmaster"?
14. Have you ever had Daffydowndilly's experience? If so, how did your experience in running away from Mr. Toil turn out?

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Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author of "Little Daffydowndilly," one of the greatest of American novelists and story writers, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1804.

He was a classmate of the poet Longfellow at college. From boyhood, he wanted to be an author. He once wrote to his mother, "How would you like some day to see a whole shelf full of books, written by your son, with 'Hawthorne's Works' printed on their backs?" You may see such a set of books to-day in any good bookstore.

Hawthorne died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, in 1864.

Little by Little

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play.
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
Whatever I do, I will do it well.
Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago:
And one of these days perhaps will see
That the world will be the better for me."
Now, do you think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man?

ANONYMOUS

Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his image.

JOHANN W. VON GOETHE

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THANKSGIVING DAY

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

It was Thanksgiving Day, the day we keep as a holiday because the Pilgrims in New England, in 1621, after their first awful winter of starvation and sickness, held a Thanksgiving day to give thanks for their first harvest. Almost every year since that time the American people have held a Thanksgiving day to express their thanks for the good things that have happened to them during the year.

But this particular Thanksgiving Day, there was great excitement. Grandfather and grandmother had invited all their children and grandchildren to the old home to Thanksgiving dinner.

We are sure that all the children got up very early. Father and the boys had piled hay and warm blankets into the big red sleigh to keep them warm on the ride over the snow to grandfather's.

What a ride it was! And what a dinner they all knew grandmother would have! A great big roast turkey, and pumpkin and apple and mince pies, and jam and jelly and apples, and all kinds of good things!

And away they went, the sleigh bells jingling and everybody laughing and full of fun. Let us go with them as we read this fine poem by Lydia Maria Child.

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Thanksgiving Day

1

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

2

Over the river and through the wood, —
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose
As over the ground we go.

3

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play;
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

4

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

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5

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow, —
It is so hard to wait!

6

Over the river and through the wood;
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. On what day each year is Thanksgiving Day observed?
2. Why is it kept as a day of thanksgiving?
3. Tell of the excitement the morning of this trip to grandfather's.
4. What kind of day was it?
5. Describe the ride.
6. Tell what probably happened when they arrived.
7. What did grandfather's farmhouse look like?
8. Whom did they see first? What was she probably doing when they saw her?
9. What did they ask her?
10. Show that you can read this poem aloud just as you would say it if you were taking the trip.
11. Have you ever gone on a visit like this? Tell about it, if you have.

Lydia Maria Child, the author of "Thanksgiving Day," was born in Medford, Massachusetts, in 1802. She wrote many stories and some very pleasing poems. She died in Wayland, Massachusetts, in 1880.

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THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

EDWARD LEAR

This story is called a " nonsense song," because it seems to have no sense to it. Yet everybody loves a good " nonsense rhyme."

" A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest of men."

The story tells itself. It was written by Edward Lear, an Englishman who was, with the exception of Lewis Carroll, the author of " Alice in Wonderland," the greatest writer of nonsense rhymes in the English language.

To understand the poem you will need to learn first the following words:

pea-green: a light green, the color of green peas.

five-pound note: an English piece of paper money worth about $24.00.

elegant (ĕl'ē-gănt): handsome, very attractive.

tarried (tăr'ĭd): waited.

bong-tree: there is no such tree. This is a " nonsense word."

shilling: a piece of English silver money worth about 24 cents.

runcible spoon (rŭn'sĭ-b'l): a table fork with flat, wide tines, like a spoon split into three or four tines.

As you read, try to see the pictures:

1. An Owl and a Pussy-Cat sailing in a pea-green boat.
2. The Owl playing a guitar and looking up at the moon while singing to the Pussy-Cat.
3. The Pussy-Cat answering the Owl.
4. Their sail and arrival at the land of the bong-tree.

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5. The meeting with Piggy-wig.

6. The Owl asking the Piggy-wig for the ring at the end of his nose as a wedding ring for the Pussy-Cat.

7. The wedding of the Owl and the Pussy-Cat.

8. The wedding dinner, with the Owl, the Pussy-Cat, the Piggy-wig, the Turkey that lived on the hill, and others, around the table.

9. The dance afterwards.

10. Can you draw pictures of any of these scenes as you imagine them?

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

1

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar:
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

2

Pussy said to the Owl: "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"

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They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in the wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

3

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon.
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the Owl and the Pussy-Cat, the boat, and what they took with them on their voyage.
2. Tell how the Owl looked as he sang his love song to the Pussy-Cat.
3. How did the Pussy-Cat look as she listened to the song?
4. Describe the landing at the land of the bong-tree.
5. Describe the wedding and tell who were the guests.
6. Describe the dance.

Edward Lear, author and artist, was born in London, May 12, 1812. He died in 1888.

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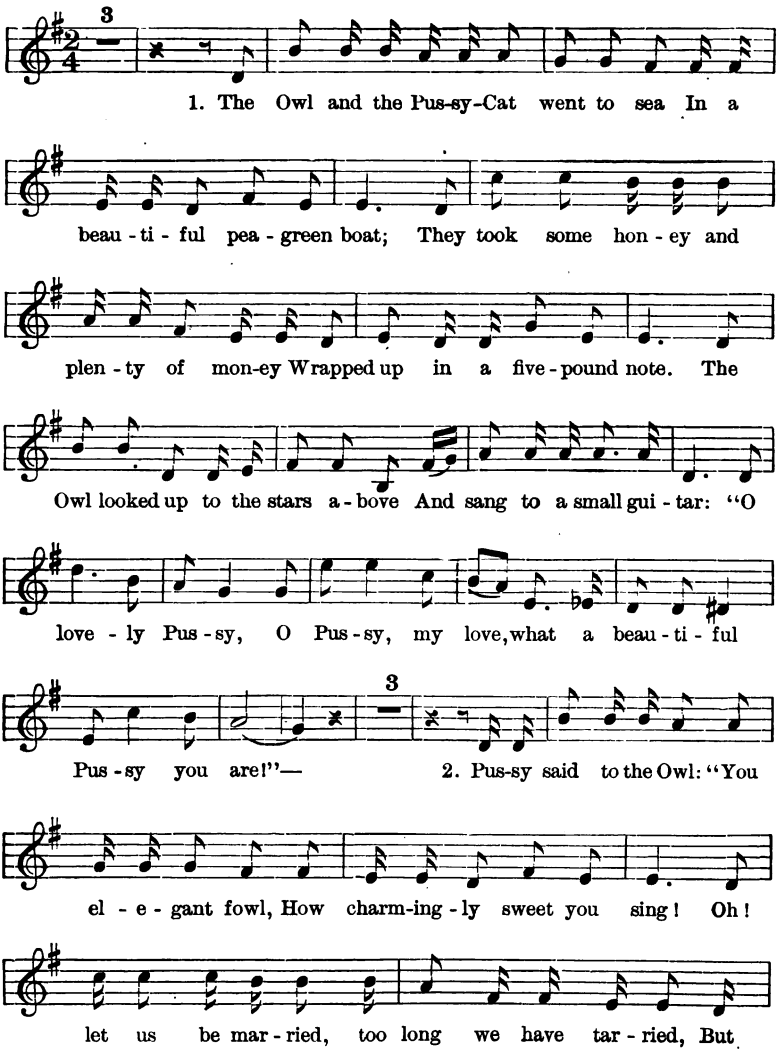
The Owl and the Pussy-Cat

EDWARD LEAR GEORGE INGRAHAM



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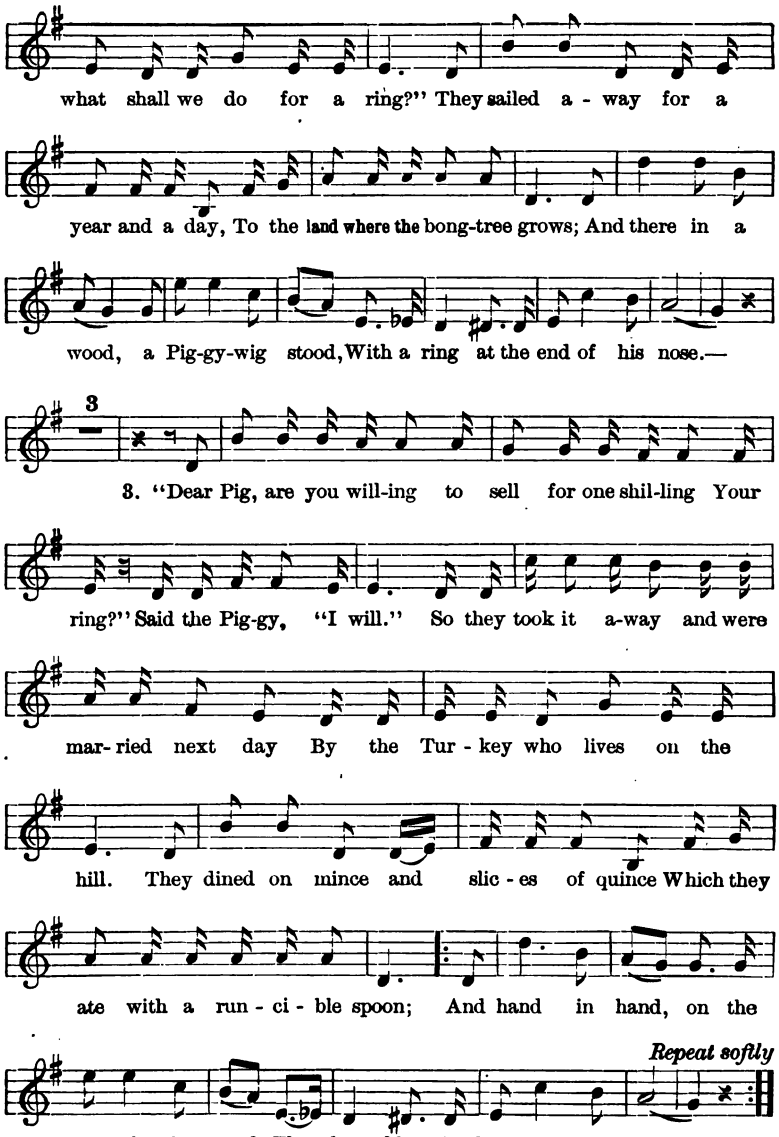

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THE WINDMILL

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Look on the map and find, in northwestern Europe, a little country called Holland.

In Holland and other countries in Europe, they often grind grain into flour with great windmills.

The poet thinks that the giant windmill is looking over the far fields of growing grain and thinking that they grow for him to grind into flour.

He listens, and he hears men threshing out grain with flails. Flails are made of two sticks, a long one and a short one, tied loosely together with a piece of leather. A man places a bundle of grain on the threshing floor and, swinging the flail above his head, brings it down on the heads of wheat or rye or barley in the bundle, beating out the grain.

The old giant windmill is brave, for, with his foot on the rock below, he meets all winds and storms face to face "as a brave man meets his foe."

And while he is wrestling with the fierce wind, his master, the miller, feeds the grain into the mill's great mouth.

On Sundays, the great wings of the mill are folded in rest, and he hears the church bells ring as he rests from his toil.

Learn the meanings of the following words and phrases:

granite jaws (grăn'ĭt): the stones between which the grain is ground into flour.

maize (māz): Indian corn.

lord of lands: all the grain for miles around comes to the miller; therefore he is "lord (or master) of lands."

melodious din (mē-lō'dĭ-ŭs): the sweet sound of church bells.

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THE WINDMILL

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The Windmill

1

Behold! a giant am I!
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

2

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

3

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing floors
In barns, with their open doors;
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

4

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below;
And whichever way it may blow,
I meet it face to face
As a brave man meets his foe.

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5

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

6

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the windmill. What is its "tower"? What are its "granite jaws"? What is its work?
2. What does the windmill see from its tower? What is meant by flinging its arms into the air? (Stanza 2.) For whom does the windmill think all the grains grow?
3. What is a "flail"? How is it used? How do the flails help the windmill? How does the wind help the mill? Is the poet right when he calls the wind the windmill's "foe" or enemy? Is it not rather his helper?
4. Who feeds the windmill? How do its "granite jaws" devour the grain? Why does the miller feed his "giant"? (Stanza 5.)
5. How does the windmill "giant" rest on Sunday? Where is the miller on Sundays?
6. What lesson does the windmill teach us?

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THE DUEL

EUGENE FIELD

You are now about to read the story of one of the most terrible fights that ever happened, a battle to the death between the gingham dog and the calico cat. When you read how the fight ended you will probably see that no other fight ever ended as this one did.

Eugene Field used to tell this story to his own children before he made it into a poem. Perhaps they had been quarreling and fighting, as even the best children do at times, and perhaps he just wanted to hint to them that both parties to a fight usually "get the worst of it," as happened in the case of the gingham dog and the calico cat.

Read the story, seeing in your mind the gingham dog and the calico cat as they sat on the table watching each other. Be sure to know what time it was, for remember that all the family were asleep, and that the fight was seen only by the "old Dutch clock" and the "Chinese plate," who told it to Mr. Field. Of course, you will not fail to see, in the second stanza, how foolishly the fight started and, in the fourth stanza, how terribly it ended, just as all foolish quarrels begin and end.

You will not need much help in reading "The Duel," but here are a few words which you will need to know before you read the poem:

duel (dū′ĕl): a fight between two persons because of some wrong that one or the other fancies has been done to him.

littered (lĭt′ĕrd): the air was filled with flying pieces of gingham and calico that each had torn from the other.

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family row: a family quarrel.
employing (ĕm-ploi'ĭng): using.
exaggerate (ĕg-zăj'ĕr-āt): to make a story bigger than it should be.
views (vūz): beliefs about the fight.
burglars (bûr'glĕrz): thieves who break into a house and steal things.

The Duel

1

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(*I wasn't there; I simply state*
What was told me by the Chinese plate!)

2

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico.
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
(*Now mind: I'm only telling you*
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

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3

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "O dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
(*Don't fancy I exaggerate —*
I got my views from the Chinese plate!)

4

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of the dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: They ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
(*The old Dutch clock it told me so.*
And that is how I came to know.)

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell how this fight started between two seemingly peaceable toy animals. What did the cat say? What did the dog say? Should this have been sufficient to start a fight? Did Mr. Field possibly mean that children's quarrels and fights begin as foolishly?
2. How did the old Dutch clock show how afraid it

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was? At what time did the fight begin? Could the clock "hold *up*" both its hands at that hour, or did the fight last a half hour?

3. Describe the fight by reading aloud stanzas 1, 2 and 3. *Tell the story* to your classmates by your reading.
4. What had become of the fighters at the close of the fight?
5. What is a Chinese plate?
6. What is the double meaning in "the Chinese plate looked very blue"?
7. Can you think how two persons, fighting each other, can both be destroyed or badly injured? That is, does a quarrel, in some way, end badly for both parties?
8. Does "The Duel" mean anything more than a fight between a stuffed dog and cat? What may it mean?
9. In reading this poem aloud, you should not simply pronounce the words, *but you should tell the story to the class in the words of the poem.*
10. Try to see who can tell best, in the words of the poem, the second and third stanzas.

'Twas a Funny Little Fellow
Of the purest type,
For he had a heart as mellow
As an apple over ripe;
And the brightest little twinkle
When a funny thing occurred,
And the lightest little tinkle
Of a laugh you ever heard!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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THUMBELISA

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

In the year 1805, in Odense (ō′thĕn-sȧ), a city in Denmark, there was born the best beloved of all the world's story-tellers for children. His name was Hans Christian Andersen. Hans is just the Danish name for *John*. So his name, in our language, was John Christian Andersen.

We are telling you much more about the life of Hans Christian Andersen than we have told you about any other author because in many of his fairy tales is hidden the story of his own life, especially in "The Ugly Duckling" and "The Silver Shilling," both of which you will enjoy reading. No one can fully understand Andersen's fairy stories without knowing the story of his life.

His father was a very poor shoemaker, and little Hans, his father, and his mother lived in one poor little room, which was not only the kitchen and the bedroom, but also the shoemaker's shop. So you see that the Andersens must have been very poor indeed.

Hans was a very queer little boy. When very small he said that he should be an actor and should write plays, and that he should become very famous. The other children of the town made fun of him and chased him, yelling, "There goes the boy that's going to write plays!"

He was always imagining things. One day an old washwoman told him that China was right down through the world under him. So he at once began to expect that a yellow Chinese prince would some day pop up out of the earth, and make him rich and famous.

At last, a time came when he could go to the theater to see a play. His mother wanted him to look fine, but she had no money with which to buy him a new suit; so she took one of his father's

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HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

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old coats and cut it down for the little fellow. But then he had no waistcoat or vest. His mother, however, took four or five patches of silk and pinned them across his breast over his shirt. Then she washed him up with the best soap she had, combed and curled his hair, and he started off to the theater. You can imagine what a picture he made.

When he came home, he remembered the speeches the actors had made, and at once began to strut about the room and to repeat the speeches.

He went to a school kept for the very poor children. One day the teacher whipped him, and he said to her, "How dare you whip me when God is looking on?"

His mother wanted him to be a tailor, for everybody made fun of his plan to be an actor and to write famous plays. But he would not be a tailor. So when he was a big, homely, gawky boy, he borrowed seven dollars and started off to Copenhagen, the capital city, a hundred miles away, to "become famous."

At Copenhagen, the awkward, ill-dressed boy at once went to a great actress and told her that he wanted to show her how he could act. Without waiting for permission, he at once began to dance so awkwardly that she thought he was crazy, and had the servants turn him out.

Then he tried to write plays and stories, but as he had almost no education, the people to whom he read his plays and stories made fun of him. At last, however, a kind-hearted man, to whom he took some of his plays and stories, told him that he could never expect to write things that people would wish to read unless he had a good education. The man then offered to pay his expenses at a good school. Hans accepted this offer very gratefully. His kind friend then sent him to college and he became a well-educated man.

He again began to write stories, poems, and plays, but his own people in Denmark were not much interested in them, and his great dream that some time he should be famous did not seem to

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come true. But although his own people did not care to read his poems and stories, people in other lands did, and famous men in other countries invited him to visit them. So he traveled all over Europe, visiting the great men and the great women who had read his fairy stories.

Then, as is always the case with a noted man, the people of his native land began to grow proud of him, and the poor little son of the shoemaker at last became famous in Denmark. People pointed him out on the street and all well-known men and women who visited Denmark came to see him.

In 1867, when he was sixty-two years old, his native city, Odense, invited him back to honor him.

When he arrived at the city from which he had gone a poor, awkward, ill-clad boy at whom everybody had laughed when he said he should write stories, poems and plays, and become famous, all the people of the city went out to meet him. They cheered whenever he appeared in public, and made a great hero of him.

He was a warm friend of Charles Dickens, the English novelist. Children loved him and gathered around him to have him tell them stories. When he first went to visit Charles Dickens at Dickens's home called Gad's Hill, England, Mr. Dickens's baby son looked at Hans Christian Andersen and said fiercely, "I'll put you out of the window." But when he looked again and saw the kindness in Hans Christian Andersen's homely face, he changed his little mind and said, "I'll put you *in* of the window."

He wrote one hundred and fifty-six fairy stories. They have been translated into almost all languages, and children of all lands have loved his stories so much that it is safe to say that Hans Christian Andersen is the best beloved of all the world's tellers of stories for children.

Is it not strange that both Hans Christian Andersen, the most famous of all story-tellers for children, and James Whitcomb Riley, the best loved of all Americans who wrote poems for children, were never married and so never had any children of their own?

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Hans Christian Andersen died in 1875, honored and beloved the wide world over. In his native city of Odense stands a beautiful monument to him. His stories will be read by countless children to the end of time.

Look at his kindly old face in the picture of him on page 135, and study it. Is it not a dear, kindly old face?

And now let us read his story of "Thumbelisa," the little girl fairy who was no taller than the length of one's thumb.

THUMBELISA

PART I

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading Part I:

Thumbelisa (thŭm-bĕl-ē′zȧ): the little heroine of the story.
barleycorn: a grain of barley.
peasant (pĕz′ănt): a man who works a small farm in Europe.
petals (pĕt′ălz): the leaves of which a flower is made.
Koax! koax! brek-ke-ke-kex (kŏ-ăx′! kŏ-ăx′! brĕk′kĕ-kĕ-kĕx′): the sound supposed to be made by a frog or a toad.
decking: trying to make beautiful.
bridal chamber: the room of a woman about to be married.
curtsy (kûrt′sĭ): a very low bow which women used to make.

There was once a woman who had the greatest longing for a little tiny child, but she had no idea where to get one; so she went to an old witch and said to her, "I do so long to have a little child, will you tell me where I can get one?"

"Oh, we shall be able to manage that," said the witch. "Here is a barleycorn for you. It is not at all the same kind as that which grows in the peasant's

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field, or with which chickens are fed. Plant it in a flowerpot, and you will see what will appear."

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" said the woman, and she gave the witch twelve pennies, then went home and planted the barleycorn, and a large, handsome flower sprang up at once. It looked exactly like a tulip, but the petals were tightly shut up, just as if they were still in bud. "That is a lovely flower," said the woman, and she kissed the pretty red and yellow petals. As she kissed it, the flower burst open with a loud snap. It was a real tulip, you could see that; but right in the middle of the flower on the green stool sat a little tiny girl, most lovely and delicate. She was not more than an inch in height, so she was called Thumbelisa.

Her cradle was a smartly varnished walnut shell, with the blue petals of violets for a mattress and a rose-leaf to cover her. She slept in it at night, but during the day she played about on the table where the woman had placed a plate, surrounded by a wreath of flowers on the outer edge with their stalks in water. A large tulip petal floated on the water, and on this little Thumbelisa sat and sailed about from one side of the plate to the other. She had two white horse hairs for oars. It was a pretty sight. She could sing, too, with such delicacy and charm as was never heard before.

One night as she lay in her pretty bed, a great ugly toad hopped in at the window, for there was a broken pane. Ugh! how hideous that great wet toad was! It

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hopped right on to the table where Thumbelisa lay fast asleep, under the red rose-leaf.

"Here is a lovely wife for my son," said the toad, and then she took up the walnut shell where Thumbelisa slept and hopped away with it through the window, down into the garden. A great broad stream ran through it, but just at the edge it was swampy and muddy, and it was here that the toad lived with her son. Ugh! how ugly and hideous he was, too, exactly like his mother! "Koax! koax! brek-ke-ke-kex!" that was all he had to say when he saw the lovely little girl in the walnut shell.

"Do not talk so loud or you will wake her," said the old toad. "She might escape us yet, for she is as light as thistledown! We will put her on one of the broad water lily leaves out in the stream, it will be just like an island to her, she is so small and light. She won't be able to run away from there while we get the state-room ready down under the mud, which you are to inhabit."

A great many water lilies grew in the stream. Their broad green leaves looked as if they were floating on the surface of the water. The leaf which was furthest from the shore was also the biggest, and to this one the old toad swam out with the walnut shell in which little Thumbelisa lay.

The poor, tiny creature woke up quite early in the morning, and when she saw where she was, she began to cry most bitterly, for there was water on every side

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of the big green leaf, and she could not reach the land at any point.

The old toad sat in the mud decking out her abode with grasses and the buds of the yellow water lilies, so as to have it very nice for the new daughter-in-law; and then she swam with her ugly son to the leaf where Thumbelisa stood. They wanted to fetch her pretty bed to place it in the bridal chamber before they took her there. The old toad made a deep curtsy in the water before her and said, "Here is my son, who is to be your husband, and you are to live together most comfortably down in the mud."

"Koax, koax, brek-ke-ke-kex," that was all the son could say.

Then they took the pretty little bed and swam away with it; but Thumbelisa sat quite alone on the green leaf and cried because she did not want to live with the ugly toad, or have her horrid son for a husband. The little fish which swam about in the water had no doubt seen the toad and heard what she said, so they stuck their heads up, wishing, I suppose, to see the little girl. As soon as they saw her, they were delighted with her, and were quite grieved to think that she was to go down to live with the ugly toad. No, that should never happen. They flocked together down in the water round about the green stem which held the leaf she stood upon, and gnawed at it with their teeth till it floated away down the stream, carrying Thumbelisa away where the toad could not follow her.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Have you ever read the story of "Little Thumb"? Why was he so called? Then what does "Thumbelisa" mean?
2. Tell the story of Thumbelisa's birth.
3. Describe the place where she lived.
4. Who stole her away? Why was she stolen? What did the toad say? When did the old toad take Thumbelisa? Describe the toad's home. Where did they put Thumbelisa to keep her? How did the fishes rescue her?

PART II

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading Part II:

cockchafer (kŏk'chāf-ēr): a long, winged beetle.
feelers (fēl'ērz): the movable hair-like things on an insect's head.
delicate (dĕl'ĭ-kât): small and beautiful.
foreign (fŏr'ĭn) **lands**: countries or lands other than one's own.
transparent (trăns-pâr'ĕnt): here, letting light through as does a leaf.

Thumbelisa sailed past place after place, and the little birds in the bushes saw her and sang, "What a lovely little maid!" The leaf with her on it floated farther and farther away and in this manner reached foreign lands.

A pretty little white butterfly fluttered round and round her for some time and at last settled on the leaf, for it had taken quite a fancy to Thumbelisa. She was so happy now, because the toad could not reach her and she was sailing through such lovely scenes. The sun shone on the water and it looked like liquid

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gold. Then she took her sash and tied one end round the butterfly, and the other she made fast to the leaf, which went gliding on quicker and quicker, and she with it, for she was standing on the leaf.

At this moment a big cockchafer came flying along. He caught sight of her and in an instant he fixed his claw round her slender waist and flew off with her, up into a tree, but the green leaf floated down the stream and the butterfly with it, for he was tied to it and could not get loose.

How frightened poor little Thumbelisa was when the cockchafer carried her up into the tree, but most of all was she grieved about the pretty white butterfly which she had fastened to the leaf. If he could not succeed in getting loose he would be starved to death.

But the cockchafer cared nothing for that. He settled with her on the largest leaf on the tree, and fed her with honey from the flowers, and he said that she was lovely although she was not a bit like a chafer. Presently all the other chafers which lived in the tree came to visit them; they looked at Thumbelisa and the young lady chafers twitched their feelers and said: "She has only two legs! What a poor effect it has!" "She has no feelers," said another. "She is so slender in the waist, fie, she looks like a human being!" "How ugly she is!" said all the mother chafers, and yet little Thumbelisa was so pretty. That was certainly also the opinion of the cockchafer who had captured her, but when all the others said she was ugly, he at last

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began to believe it, too, and would not have anything more to do with her. She might go wherever she liked! They flew down from the tree with her and placed her on a daisy, where she cried because she was so ugly that the chafers would have nothing to do with her; and after all, she was more beautiful than anything you can imagine, as delicate and transparent as the finest rose-leaf.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe Thumbelisa's trip after her escape.
2. Tell about the butterfly.
3. How did the cockchafer carry her off? How did the chafers receive her? What did they think of her? What did they do with her?

PART III

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading Part III:

shriveled (shrĭv'l'd): withered.
spoke slightingly (slīt'ĭng-lĭ): said mean things.
entombed (ĕn-to͞omd'): placed in a grave or a tomb.
pipe: to sing or twitter.

Poor little Thumbelisa lived all the summer quite alone in the wood. She plaited a bed of grass for herself and hung it up under a big dock leaf which sheltered her from the rain. She sucked the honey from the flowers for her food, and her drink was the dew which lay on the leaves in the morning. In this way the summer and autumn passed, but then came

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winter. All the birds which used to sing so sweetly to her flew away, the great dock leaf under which she had lived shriveled up, leaving nothing but a dead yellow stalk, and she shivered with the cold, for her clothes were worn out. She was such a tiny creature, poor little Thumbelisa, she certainly must be frozen to death. It began to snow and every snowflake which fell upon her was like a whole shovelful upon one of us, for we are big and she was only one inch in height. Then she wrapped herself up in a withered leaf, but that did not warm her much; she trembled with the cold.

Close to the wood in which she had been living lay a large cornfield, but the corn had long ago been carried away and nothing remained but the bare, dry stubble which stood up out of the frozen ground. The stubble was quite a forest for her to walk about in. Oh, how she shook with the cold! Then she came to the door of a field mouse's home. It was a little hole down under the stubble. The field mouse lived so cosily and warm there, her whole room was full of corn, and she had a beautiful kitchen and larder besides. Poor Thumbelisa stood just inside the door like any other poor beggar child and begged for a little piece of barley corn, for she had had nothing to eat for two whole days.

"You poor little thing!" said the field mouse, for she was at bottom a good old field mouse. "Come into my warm room and dine with me." Then, as she took a fancy to Thumbelisa, she said, "You may

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with pleasure stay with me for the winter, but you must keep my room clean and tidy and tell me stories, for I am very fond of them;" and Thumbelisa did what the good old field mouse desired and was on the whole very comfortable.

"Now we shall soon have a visitor," said the field mouse; "my neighbor generally comes to see me every week day. He is even better housed than I am. His rooms are very large and he wears a most beautiful black velvet coat. If only you could get him for a husband you would indeed be well settled, but he can't see. You must tell him all the most beautiful stories you know."

But Thumbelisa did not like this, and she would have nothing to say to the neighbor, for he was a mole. He came and paid a visit in his black velvet coat. He was very rich and wise, said the field mouse, and he had much learning but he did not like the sun or the beautiful flowers. In fact he spoke slightingly of them, for he had never seen them. Thumbelisa had to sing to him and she sang both "Fly away, cockchafer" and "A monk, he wandered through the meadow." Then the mole fell in love with her because of her sweet voice, but he did not say anything, for he was wise about speaking his thoughts.

He had just made a long tunnel through the ground from his house to theirs, and he gave the field mouse and Thumbelisa leave to walk in it whenever they liked. He told them not to be afraid of the dead bird

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which was lying in the passage. It was a whole bird with feathers and beak which had probably died quite recently at the beginning of the winter and was now entombed just where he had made his tunnel.

The mole took a piece of tinder wood in his mouth, for that shines like fire in the dark, and walked in front of them to light them in the long dark passage. When they came to the place where the dead bird lay, the mole thrust his broad nose up to the roof and pushed the earth up so as to make a big hole through which the daylight shone. In the middle of the floor lay a dead swallow, with its pretty wings closely pressed to its sides, and the legs and head drawn in under the feathers. No doubt the poor bird had died of cold. Thumbelisa was so sorry for it; she loved all the little birds, for they had twittered and sung so sweetly to her during the whole summer; but the mole kicked it with his short legs and said, "Now it will pipe no more! It must be a miserable fate to be born a little bird! Thank heaven! no child of mine can be a bird. A bird like that has nothing but its twitter and dies of hunger in the winter."

"Yes, as a sensible man, you may well say that," said the field mouse. "What has a bird for all its twittering, when the cold weather comes? It has to hunger and freeze, but then it must cut a dash."

Thumbelisa did not say anything, but when the others turned their backs to the bird, she stooped down and stroked aside the feathers which lay over its head,

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and kissed its closed eyes. "Perhaps it was this very bird which sang so sweetly to me in the summer," she thought. "What pleasure it gave me, the dear pretty bird!"

The mole now closed up the hole which let in the daylight and conducted the ladies to their home. Thumbelisa could not sleep at all in the night, so she got up out of her bed and plaited a large handsome mat of hay, and then she carried it down and spread it all over the dead bird, and laid some soft cotton wool which she had found in the field mouse's room close round its sides, so that it might have a warm bed on the cold ground.

"Good-by, you sweet little bird," she said; "good-by, and thank you for your sweet song through the summer when all the trees were green and the sun shone warmly upon us." Then she laid her head close up to the bird's breast, but was quite startled at a sound, as if something was thumping inside it. It was the bird's heart. It was not dead, but lay in a swoon, and now that it had been warmed it began to revive.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What did Thumbelisa do when the cockchafers cast her out?
2. Who gave her a home? Tell the story of the field mouse.
3. What does a mole look like? Why is he a strange animal?
4. What did Thumbelisa find in the mole's tunnel? How did she care for the poor bird? What was the talk between the mole and Thumbelisa about the bird?

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Part IV

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading Part IV:

belated (bĕ-lāt'ĕd): late, or coming after others.
penetrated (pĕn'ĕ-trāt-ĕd): the warm rays of the sun went down into the ground.
trousseau (trōō-sō'): a bride's wedding clothes.
deliciously (dĕ-lĭsh'ŭs-lĭ): the sun made the air in the tunnel warm and pleasant.
distaff (dĭs'tăf): a stick or staff for holding the bunch of wool or flax for spinning into yarn or thread.

In the autumn all the swallows fly away to warm countries, but if one happens to be belated, it feels the cold so much that it falls down like a dead thing, and remains lying where it falls till the snow covers it up. Thumbelisa quite shook with fright, for the bird was very, very big beside her who was only one inch high, but she gathered up her courage, packed the wool closer round the poor bird, and fetched a leaf of mint which she had herself for a coverlet and laid it over the bird's head. The next night she stole down again to it and found it alive but so feeble that it could only just open its eyes for a moment to look at Thumbelisa, who stood with a bit of tinder wood in her hand, for she had no other lantern.

"Many, many thanks, you sweet child," said the sick swallow to her. "You have warmed me beautifully. I shall soon have strength to fly out into the warm sun again."

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"Oh!" said she, "it is cold outside, it snows and freezes. Stay in your warm bed, I will tend you." Then she brought water to the swallow in a leaf, and when it had drunk some, it told her how it had torn its wing on a blackthorn bush, and therefore could not fly as fast as the other swallows which were taking flight then for the distant warm lands. At last it fell down on the ground, but after that it remembered nothing, and did not in the least know how it got into the tunnel. It stayed there all the winter, and Thumbelisa was good to it and grew very fond of it. She did not tell either the mole or the field mouse anything about it, for they did not like the poor unfortunate swallow.

As soon as the spring came and the warmth of the sun penetrated the ground, the swallow said good-by to Thumbelisa, who opened the hole which the mole had made above. The sun streamed in deliciously upon them, and the swallow asked if she would not go with him. She could sit upon his back and they would fly far away into the green wood. But Thumbelisa knew that it would grieve the old field mouse if she left her like that.

"No, I can't," said Thumbelisa.

"Good-by, good-by, then, you kind pretty girl," said the swallow, and flew out into the sunshine. Thumbelisa looked after him and her eyes filled with tears, for she was very fond of the poor swallow.

"Tweet, tweet," sang the bird, and flew into the green wood.

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Thumbelisa was very sad. She was not allowed to go out into the warm sunshine at all. The corn which was sown in the field near the field mouse's house grew quite long; it was a thick forest to the poor girl who was only an inch high.

"You must work at your trousseau this summer," said the mouse to her, for their neighbor, the tiresome mole in his black velvet coat, had asked her to marry him. "You shall have both woolen and linen; you shall have wherewith to clothe and cover yourself when you become the mole's wife." Thumbelisa had to turn the distaff and the field mouse hired four spiders to spin and weave day and night. The mole paid a visit every evening and he was always saying that when the summer came to an end, the sun would not shine nearly so warmly; now it burnt the ground as hard as a stone. Yes, when the summer was over he would celebrate his marriage; but Thumbelisa was not at all pleased, for she did not care a bit for the tiresome mole. Every morning at sunrise and every evening at sunset she used to steal out to the door, and when the wind blew aside the tops of the cornstalks so that she could see the blue sky, she thought how bright and lovely it was out there, and wished so much to see the dear swallow again; but it never came back. No doubt it was a long way off, flying about in the beautiful green woods.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How did Thumbelisa take care of the bird through the winter? What became of the swallow in the spring?
2. How did Thumbelisa feel after her friend, the swallow, was gone? How big was she? What did the corn seem like to her?
3. How did she get ready for her marriage to the mole?

PART V

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading Part V:

gorgeously (gôr'jŭs-lĭ): with many bright colors.

magnificent green trees (măg-nĭf'ĭ-sĕnt): very large and beautiful trees.

of ancient date (ān'shĕnt): very old.

stately columns (kŏl'ŭms): pillars or great posts of marble holding up a building.

"In four weeks you must be married," said the field mouse to her. But Thumbelisa cried and said that she would not have the tiresome mole for a husband.

So they were to be married. The mole had come to fetch Thumbelisa. She was to live deep down under the ground with him, and never to go out into the warm sunshine, for he could not bear it. The poor child was very sad at the thought of bidding good-by to the beautiful sun. While she had been with the field mouse she had at least been allowed to look at it from the door.

"Good-by, you bright sun," she said as she stretched out her arms towards it and went a little way outside the field mouse's house, for now the harvest was over

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and only the stubble remained. "Good-by, good-by!" she said, and threw her tiny arms round a little red flower growing there. "Give my love to the dear swallow if you happen to see him."

"Tweet, tweet," she heard at this moment above her head. She looked up; it was the swallow just passing. As soon as it saw Thumbelisa, it was delighted. She told it how unwilling she was to have the ugly mole for a husband, and that she was to live deep down underground where the sun never shone. She could not help crying about it.

"The cold winter is coming," said the swallow, "and I am going to fly away to warm countries. Will you go with me? You can sit upon my back! Tie yourself on with your sash, then we will fly away from the ugly mole and his dark cavern, far away over the mountains to those warm countries where the sun shines with greater splendor than here, where it is always summer and there are heaps of flowers. Do fly with me, you sweet little Thumbelisa, who saved my life when I lay frozen in the dark earth passage."

"Yes, I will go with you," said Thumbelisa, seating herself on the bird's back with her feet on its outspread wings. She tied her band tightly to one of the strongest feathers, and then the swallow flew away, high up in the air above forests and lakes, high up above the biggest mountains where the snow never melts; and Thumbelisa shivered in the cold air, but then she crept under the bird's warm feathers, and only stuck out

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her little head to look at the beautiful sights beneath her.

Then at last they reached the warm countries. The sun shone with a warmer glow than here; the sky was twice as high, and the most beautiful green and blue grapes grew in clusters on the banks and hedgerows. Oranges and lemons hung in the woods which were fragrant with myrtles and sweet herbs, and beautiful children ran about the roads playing with the large, gorgeously-colored butterflies. But the swallow flew on and on, and the country grew more and more beautiful. Under magnificent green trees on the shores of the blue sea stood a dazzling white marble palace of ancient date; vines wreathed themselves round the stately pillars. At the head of these, there were countless nests, and the swallow who carried Thumbelisa lived in one of them.

"Here is my house," said the swallow; "but if you will choose one of the gorgeous flowers growing down there, I will place you in it, and you will live as happily as you can wish."

"That would be delightful," she said, and clapped her little hands.

A great white marble column had fallen to the ground and lay there broken in three pieces, but between these the most lovely white flowers grew. The swallow flew down with Thumbelisa and put her upon one of the broad leaves. What was her astonishment to find a little man in the middle of the flower, as bright

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and transparent as if he had been made of glass. He had a lovely golden crown upon his head and the most beautiful bright wings upon his shoulders. He was no bigger than Thumbelisa. He was the angel of the flowers. There was a similar little man or woman in every flower, but he was the king of them all.

"How beautiful he is!" whispered Thumbelisa to the swallow. The little prince was quite frightened by the swallow, for it was a perfect giant of a bird to him, he who was so small and delicate, but when he saw Thumbelisa he was delighted; she was the very prettiest girl he had ever seen. He therefore took the golden crown off his own head and placed it on hers, and asked her name, and if she would be his wife, and then she would be queen of the flowers! Yes, he was certainly a very different kind of husband from the toad's son, or the mole with his black velvet coat. So she accepted the beautiful prince, and out of every flower stepped a little lady or a gentleman so lovely that it was a pleasure to look at them. Each one brought a gift to Thumbelisa, but the best of all was a pair of pretty wings from a large white fly. They were fastened to her back, and then she too could fly from flower to flower. All was then delight and happiness, but the swallow sat alone in his nest and sang to them as well as he could, for his heart was heavy, he was so fond of Thumbelisa himself, and would have wished never to part from her.

"You shall not be called Thumbelisa," said the

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angel of the flower to her; "that is such an ugly name, and you are so pretty. We will call you May."

"Good-by, good-by," said the swallow, and flew away again from the warm countries, far away back to Denmark. There he had a little nest above the window where the man lived who wrote this story, and he sang his "tweet, tweet" to the man, and so we have the whole story.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Where would Thumbelisa have had to live after she married the mole?
2. Tell how she escaped from the mole. How did her kindness to the swallow come back to her? Why does it pay to be kind?
3. Tell how the swallow carried her away. What things did she see on the way? What did she find when she came to the warm countries?
4. Tell the story of the finding of the prince and of how she married him.
5. What became of the swallow?
6. Have you liked this story?
7. Who wrote it? Tell what you can about him. What other stories that he wrote have you read?

I shall speak of trees as we see them, love them, adore them in the fields, where they are alive, holding their green sunshades over our heads, talking to us with their hundred thousand whispering tongues.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

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ROCK-A-BY, HUSH-A-BY, LITTLE PAPOOSE

CHARLES MYALL

We must not think that our mothers are the only mothers who sing lullabies to put their children to sleep. Indian mothers also sing their own lullabies to their little copper-colored babies.

Think of an Indian village with its houses shaped like big cones and made of tanned skins of animals. An Indian mother is sitting on the ground in such a house, called a tepee, with her baby in a basket that she herself made. And she sings the baby to sleep with this lullaby, only it is in her own Indian language. She tells her baby that all other things have gone to sleep, so he also must go to sleep.

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading the poem:

whippo'will: the whip-poor-will, a bird that flies as darkness comes and has a cry that sounds like, "Whip-poor-will."

papoose (pȧ-pōōs′): an Indian baby.

roebuck (rō-bŭk′): a kind of deer.

pining (pīn′ĭng): singing sadly.

Manitou (măn′ĭ-tōō): the god of the North American Indians.

ROCK-A-BY, HUSH-A-BY, LITTLE PAPOOSE

1

Rock-a-by, hush-a-by, little papoose,
The stars come into the sky,

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The whippo'will's crying, the daylight is dying,
The river runs murmuring by.

2

The pine trees are slumbering, little papoose,
The squirrel has gone to his nest,
The robins are sleeping, the mother bird's keeping
The little ones warm with her breast.

3

The roebuck is dreaming, my little papoose,
His mate lies asleep at his side,
The breezes are pining, the moonbeams are shining,
All over the prairie wide.

4

Then, hush-a-by, rock-a-by, little papoose,
You sail on the river of dreams;
Dear Manitou loves you, and watches above you
Till time when the morning light gleams.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the Indian mother, her baby, and his basket-cradle.
2. Describe an Indian wigwam, or tepee, as you have seen it in pictures.
3. What is an Indian baby called?
4. What is the Indian god called?
5. What other lullabies do you know? Will you sing one of them for the class?

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LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

SIR WALTER SCOTT

In Scotland, hundreds of years ago, the people of a large district were ruled over by a chief or chieftain, who usually lived in a great castle on a high rocky hill. If the chieftain's name was Douglas, most of the people over whom he was chieftain were also called Douglas. A chieftain and his people were called a " clan."

These chieftains and their people often fought with other chieftains and their people, and everybody carried weapons. They had bloody battles. The people of a clan were very loyal to their chieftain and would always fight for him when he called them. The chieftains were also knights, or fighting men, who wore armor, and few chieftains or knights ever lived to be old, for they were usually killed while young men in some battle with another clan. Often all the men of a chieftain's family were killed, leaving only a little baby boy, the son of the dead chieftain. The other clans would then try to kill or capture this baby chief. But his followers loved him and always kept guard over him, while his nurse cared for him in the great stone castle on the high rocky hill.

In this lullaby, you should try to see the great castle, with men in armor, called warders (or guards), always walking back and forth on the walls watching for enemies. Then see a room with stone walls hung with cloth, and in it a kind old nurse rocking the baby chief to sleep.

She is singing to him that his sire, or father, was a knight and his dead mother a lovely lady; that all the land to be seen from the

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castle walls is his; that he need not fear the bugle that blows loudly and that frightens him, for it tells only that the warders are guarding him and that they would die for him before a foeman should ever be allowed to come near him.

Then she tells him to sleep well, for soon he will be a man and will also have to fight for his people and his castle.

It is a beautiful song and is set to lovely music that you will like to sing.

See all the pictures, hear the nurse singing, and, if your teacher can give you the tune, sing the lullaby in class.

Lullaby of an Infant Chief

1

Oh, hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the tower which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

2

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

3

Oh, hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood and waking with day.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. About what country is this song written? Who wrote it? Tell about him.
2. What was a Scottish chieftain? What was a clan? How did the clans fight each other? How do you suppose that this baby chief lost his father?
3. Tell what the castle looked like. Who was guarding the baby chief?
4. Who was singing to him? What does she tell him as he goes to sleep?
5. What frightens him and makes him start up? What does the nurse tell him then?
6. Why do you suppose the nurse talks to him as she does in the last stanza? What had she probably seen in her life that made her tell him this?
7. Why is this lullaby unlike other lullabies that you know? Which do you like best? Why?

Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, August 15, 1771. Beside writing many poems, Scott wrote twenty-nine novels, called the "Waverley Novels." He died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832.

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment
All thy wants are well supplied.

ISAAC WATTS

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WHAT THE TOYS SAID

FRANK L. STANTON

This is a story of a Hobby Horse, a Toy Drum, a Toy Doll, and a Toy Elephant, all of whom lived in the great snow palace with a great icy dome in the far North, where Santa Claus lives and keeps his toys and presents.

These toys are talking among themselves after they have been told where they are to go on Christmas Eve.

But we shall leave you to find out for yourselves what they said.

You should know the following words:

dome: the great round top of Santa's ice palace.

a row (rou): a quarrel, a "fuss."

WHAT THE TOYS SAID

1

The Hobby Horse said,
As he shook his head:
"It's a long, long way to go
O'er the white snow's foam
To the Little Boy's home;
But I hear the tin horns blow,
And must race away till I'm out of breath
To the Little Boy who will ride me to death!"

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2

And the Toy Drum said:
"I've a hardened head,
And away on my sticks I'll go
From this icy dome
To the Little Boy's home —
I can beat my way through the snow!
Away! away! 'till I'm out o' breath,
To the Little Boy who will beat me to death!"

3

And the Toy Doll said,
As her gold-crowned head
Shone over the wintry snow:
"To the Little Girls
Of the golden curls
In a fairy coach I'll go;
Far — far away, 'till I'm out of breath,
To the Little Girls who will kiss me to death!"

4

But the Elephant said:
"If that way I'm led,
And they treat you all so bad,
I tell you now
That there'll be a row,
And they'll wish they never had!
For I'll pack them all in my trunk, you see,
And lock it, and throw away the key!"

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Draw a picture of a hobby horse.
2. Tell how the Hobby Horse looked as he was going to "the Little Boy's home."
3. What is meant by "the hardened head" of the Toy Drum?
4. What does the Toy Drum mean when he says he can "beat" his way? What is this double meaning?
5. What did the Toy Doll's fairy coach look like?
6. What is the Elephant's joke in the fourth stanza?
7. Where is Santa Claus supposed to live?
8. What does the Hobby Horse mean by saying, "I hear the tin horns blow"?
9. See which one of the class can say best what the Elephant said.

Give the Best

Give thy heart's best treasure,
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty,
God will give thee more.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

There's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth.

ALICE CARY

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DUST UNDER THE RUG

MAUD LINDSAY

This is a beautiful fairy story about a faithful mother and two very faithful little girls, and twelve cunning little dwarfs only about a foot tall and all dressed in yellow.

To read the story really you must actually see these little dwarfs and hear them all talking at once and in rhyme and all saying exactly the same thing.

You must also learn the four lessons that one of these little girls learned while working for the dwarfs:

1. That if you spend your time day-dreaming it is impossible, simply by hurrying, for you to make up for lost time and for you to get your work done right.

2. That you should always do your work exactly right even if you think that it will never be seen.

3. That a little voice in your own heart will keep telling you about your "cheating" even while the very stars are praising you for doing your work so well.

4. Then you must learn the following very great lesson that these little dwarfs taught this little girl:—

> "And oh! forget not while you live,
> *That in the smallest duty done*
> *Lies wealth of joy for every one.*"

But the most important thing is that we learn to do well all of our own work, the great and the small, the seen and the

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unseen. We must not think that, because no one happens to see us at our work, things will remain unseen.

By doing all of our work the best we can, we shall always be praised by that little voice in the heart which tells us whether we are doing right or wrong and which is called "Conscience."

Learn the meanings of the following words:

groat (grōt): an old English silver coin equal to about eight cents; any small sum of money.

pinnacles (pĭn'*a*-k'lz): points or spires on top of a building.

Dust Under the Rug

There was once a mother, who had two little daughters; and, as her husband was dead and she was very poor, she worked diligently all the time that they might be well fed and clothed. She was a skilled worker, and found work to do away from home, but her two little girls were so good and so helpful that they kept her house as neat and as bright as a new pin.

One of the little girls was lame, and could not run about the house; so she sat still in her chair and sewed, while Minnie, the sister, washed the dishes, swept the floor, and made the home beautiful.

Their home was on the edge of a great forest; and after their tasks were finished the little girls would sit at the window and watch the tall trees as they bent in the wind, until it would seem as if the trees were real persons, nodding and bending and bowing to one another.

In the spring there were the birds, in the summer

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the wild flowers, in autumn the bright leaves, and in winter the great drifts of white snow; so that the whole year was a round of delight to the two happy children. But one day the dear mother came home sick; and then they were very sad. It was winter, and there were so many things to be bought. Minnie and her little sister sat by the fire and talked it over and over, and at last Minnie said:

"Dear sister, I must go out to find some work, before our food gives out." So she kissed her mother, and, wrapping herself up, started away from home. There was a narrow path leading through the forest, and she determined to follow it until she reached some place where she might find the work that she wanted.

As she hurried on, the shadows grew deeper and deeper. The night was coming fast, when all at once she saw before her a very small house, which was a very welcome sight to her. She made haste to reach it, and to knock at the door.

But nobody came in answer to her knock. When she had tried again and again, she thought that nobody lived there; and she opened the door and walked in, thinking that she would stay all night.

As soon as she stepped into the house, she started back in surprise; for there before her she saw twelve little beds with the bed clothes all tumbled, twelve little dirty plates on a very dusty table, and the floor of the room so dusty that I am sure you could have drawn a picture on it.

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"Dear me!" said the little girl, "this will never do!" And as soon as she had warmed her hands, she set to work to make the room tidy.

She washed the plates, she made up the beds, she swept the floor, she straightened the great rug in front of the fireplace, and set the twelve little chairs in a half circle around the fire; and, just as she finished, the door opened and in walked twelve of the queerest little people she had ever seen. They were just about as tall as a carpenter's rule, and all wore yellow clothes; and when Minnie saw this, she knew that they must be the dwarfs who kept the gold in the heart of the mountain.

"Well!" said the dwarfs all together, for they always spoke together and in rhyme,—

"Now isn't this a sweet surprise?
We really can't believe our eyes!"

Then they spied Minnie, and cried in great astonishment:—

"Who can this be, so fair and mild?
Our helper is a stranger child."

Now when Minnie saw the dwarfs, she came to meet them. "If you please," she said, "I'm little Minnie Grey; and I'm looking for work because my dear mother is sick. I came in here when the night drew near, and —" here all the dwarfs laughed, and called out merrily:—

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SHE SET TO WORK TO MAKE THE ROOM TIDY

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"You found our room a sorry sight,
But you have made it clean and bright."

They were such dear funny little dwarfs! After they had thanked Minnie for her trouble, they took white bread and honey from the closet and asked her to sup with them.

While they sat at supper, they told her that their fairy housekeeper had taken a holiday, and their house was not well kept because she was away.

They sighed when they said this; and after supper, when Minnie washed the dishes and set them carefully away, they looked at her often and talked among themselves. When the last plate was in its place, they called Minnie to them and said:—

"Dear mortal maiden, will you stay
All through our fairy's holiday?
And if you faithful prove, and good,
We will reward you as we should."

Now Minnie was much pleased, for she liked the kind dwarfs, and wanted to help them; so she thanked them, and went to bed to dream happy dreams.

Next morning she was awake with the chickens, and cooked a nice breakfast; and after the dwarfs left, she cleaned up the room and mended the dwarfs' clothes. In the evening when the dwarfs came home, they found a bright fire and a warm supper waiting for them; and every day Minnie worked faithfully until the last day of the fairy housekeeper's holiday.

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That morning, as Minnie looked out of the window to watch the dwarfs go to their work, she saw on one of the window panes the most beautiful picture she had ever seen.

A picture of fairy palaces with towers of silver and frosted pinnacles, so wonderful and beautiful that as she looked at it she forgot that there was work to be done, until the cuckoo clock on the mantel struck twelve.

Then she ran in haste to make up the beds, and wash the dishes; but because she was in a hurry she could not work quickly, and when she took the broom to sweep the floor it was almost time for the dwarfs to come home.

"I believe," said Minnie aloud, "that I will not sweep under the rug to-day. After all, it is nothing for dust to be where it can't be seen!" So she hurried to her supper and left the rug unturned.

Before long the dwarfs came home. As the rooms looked just as usual, nothing was said; and Minnie thought no more of the dust until she went to bed and the stars peeped through the window.

Then she thought of it, for it seemed to her that she could hear the stars saying, —

"There is the little girl who is so faithful and good;" and Minnie turned her face to the wall, for a little voice, right in her own heart, said: —

"Dust under the rug! Dust under the rug!"

"There is the little girl," cried the stars, "who keeps home as bright as star-shine."

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"Dust under the rug! Dust under the rug!" said the little voice in Minnie's heart.

"We see her! We see her!" called all the stars joyfully.

"Dust under the rug! Dust under the rug!" said the little voice in Minnie's heart, and she could bear it no longer. So she sprang out of bed, and, taking her broom in her hand, she swept the dust away; and lo! under the dust lay twelve shining gold pieces, as round and as bright as the moon.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Minnie, in great surprise; and all the little dwarfs came running to see what was the matter.

Minnie told them all about it; and when she had ended her story, the dwarfs gathered lovingly around her and said:—

"Dear child, the gold is all for you,
For faithful you have proved and true;
But had you left the rug unturned,
A groat was all you would have earned.
Our love goes with the gold we give,
And oh! forget not while you live,
That in the smallest duty done
Lies wealth of joy for every one."

Minnie thanked the dwarfs for their kindness to her; and early next morning she hastened home with her golden treasure, which bought many good things for her dear mother and little sister.

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She never saw the dwarfs again; but she never forgot their lesson, to do her work faithfully; and she always swept under the rug.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is the meaning of "as neat and as bright as a new pin"?
2. What did the forest trees seem to be doing when these little girls watched them?
3. What made the spring pleasant for these little girls? the summer? the autumn? the winter?
4. Which little girl did the housework? What did the other girl do?
5. Why did Minnie have to go away from home to work?
6. Can you see the small house in the forest and little Minnie knocking at the door?
7. Whom did she find in the house?
8. Try to imagine the twelve little beds, the twelve little dirty plates, and the dusty table and floor.
9. What did little Minnie do then?
10. Try to see the twelve little dwarfs about as tall as a carpenter's rule, all dressed in yellow clothes.
11. Try to hear the twelve dwarfs all talking at once and in rhyme.
12. Try to see Minnie, sitting at the table with the twelve dwarfs and eating white bread and honey.
13. What reason did the dwarfs give for the dust and dirt in the house?
14. Why do you think they sighed when they gave this reason?
15. What did the dwarfs promise to do for Minnie if she would stay and take care of the house?
16. What is the meaning of the words, "She was awake with the chickens"?

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17. What did Minnie see on the window pane the last day that she worked there?
18. Try to imagine the frost pictures on the window pane.
19. What success have you had in doing your work well when you did it hastily?
20. What reasons did Minnie give for leaving the dust under the rug?
21. What things other than "dust under the rug" may be meant by that expression?
22. Tell what Minnie thought the stars said to her.
23. What did the little voice in Minnie's heart keep saying?
24. When the stars praised Minnie for being so good a little girl, what did she do?
25. What did she find under the rug?
26. What did the dwarfs say to Minnie about the gold?
27. How much did the dwarfs say that Minnie would have earned if she had not turned the rug?
28. What did the dwarfs ask Minnie to remember as long as she lived?
29. What did Minnie do with her money?
30. How long did she remember the lesson that the dwarfs taught her?
31. Explain how we make excuses to ourselves similar to those which Minnie made to herself.
32. Since you have read this lesson, what have you made up your mind to do when there is any "dust under *your* rug"?

Let us do our work as well,
  Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
  Beautiful, entire, and clean.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD

This is a pretty fable in which a pebble, full of boastfulness, is made ashamed by a modest acorn. A fable is a short story in which animals, birds, insects, growing things, or things not alive, as a pebble and an acorn, talk like human beings. A fable teaches some good life lesson, and is always intended to apply to persons, and especially to you and me. We have not really read a fable until we try to think whether we, ourselves, are like the characters in the fable.

You will not need help to read this story, except to learn first the following words:

alter (ôl′tẽr): to change.
abiding (ȧ-bīd′ĭng): lasting, enduring.
abased (ȧ-bāst′): embarrassed, made to feel small and foolish.
mute: silent.
mundane sphere (mŭn′dān): the round earth.
reproof (rẽ-prōōf′): a gentle blaming.
retort (rẽ-tôrt′): a sharp reply.
lighter element: the upper air.
a personage so august (pûr′-sŭn-ăj ô-gŭst′): a person so important.
vaunting (vänt′ĭng): boasting.
cumberer (kŭm′bẽr-ẽr): one who bothers others; a useless person.

The Pebble and the Acorn

"I am a Pebble! and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;

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"Nor time nor seasons can alter me;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail, and the drizzling rain,
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart, but it was not felt.

"There's none can tell about my birth,
For I am as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight and under the sod!
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay, for a moment abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;
And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.

But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element, where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head in dust,

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And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel
Has ever subdued, or made to feel!"
And soon in the earth she sank away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak!
And, as it rose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and wondering, said,
"A modest Acorn; never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its simple cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide its worth!

"And, oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering toward the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year;
But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
From the humble Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I have been."

The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is a fable? What is a fable intended to do? What should we think about when reading a fable?
2. Who are the characters in this fable? Why did the poet select a pebble and an acorn instead of persons?
3. Read aloud what the Pebble said. Was much of this boast true? Would it have sounded better if it had been said by another?
4. How did the Acorn receive this? Read aloud what she said in reply. Explain "The pride of the forest was folded up, in the narrow space of its simple cup."
5. What kind of reproof is nobler than a "keen retort"? The Bible says, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."
6. What did the Acorn do after her reply?
7. How did she appear again? What was folded up in her? Read aloud what the Pebble then said.
8. Name some uses to which pebbles can be put. Of what is concrete made?
9. As we read this story, we are likely to think of some boastful schoolmate. Of whom should we think?
10. What is the lesson of this poem?
11. Which would be the more pleasant, — to learn this lesson from the voiceless lips of the Pebble and the Acorn, or to learn it from some person?
12. What kind of person does the Pebble represent?
13. What kind of person does the Acorn represent?

The acorn, buried in the earth,
When many years are past,
Becomes the oak of matchless worth,
Whose strength will ages last.

MARY ELLIOTT

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WISHING

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

This is a poem in which some children are wishing that they were certain things. "Wishing" is great fun. Study the three "wishes" carefully, seeing all the pictures.

After you are sure that you understand all the poem, let one of the class be the Primrose, another the Elm-tree, and another the one who wishes she were a Robin or a Wren, each reading aloud her part of the poem. Then let still another pupil answer all of these with the last stanza.

Tell what you wish to be in the words of the poem just as you would say it yourself.

Learn the meanings of the following words:

leave: permission. | **pardon**: forgiveness.

WISHING

1

Ring ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose, blowing in the spring!
The stooping bough above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-tree for our King!

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2

Nay, — stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
And Birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

3

O — no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till Winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

4

Well — tell! where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home must come the rover,
For Mother's kiss, — sweeter this
Than any other thing!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What did the first child want to be? What does a primrose look like? Why did she think it would be fine to be a primrose?
2. What did the second child wish to be? Why would that be so fine?
3. What did the third child wish to be? Why did she want to be some kind of bird?
4. But when night came, what

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would each of them want to do? Answer this by reading aloud the last stanza.

William Allingham was born in Ireland, March 19, 1828. His poems excel in descriptions of Irish scenery and life, and some of them were illustrated by famous artists. He died at Hampstead, near London, November 18, 1889.

Every wish
Is like a prayer — with God.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Would that the little flowers were born to live,
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE NEW YEAR

Snow-wrapped and holly-decked it comes,
To richest and to poorest homes.
Twelve jeweled months all set with days
Of priceless opportunities.
A silver moon, a golden sun,
With diamond stars when day is done;
Over all a sapphire sky
Where pearly clouds go floating by.

BERTHA C. JACQUES

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WHY THE SEA IS SALT

FROM THE NORWEGIAN

This story tells how the peasants of Denmark and Norway explain why the sea is salt.

Read the story and see whether you think that it happened that way.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, there lived two brothers, one of whom was very rich, and the other very poor. When Christmas evening came, the poor man had nothing in his house for Christmas dinner, and so he went to his brother and asked him for some food.

The rich man was greatly displeased, as it was not the first time that he had been asked to give his brother food. But Christmas is a time when even selfish people give gifts. So he gave his brother a fine ham, but told him never to let him see his face again.

The poor man thanked his brother for the ham and started for home. On his way home he had to pass through a great forest, and when he had reached the thickest part of the forest he suddenly came to a place

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where there was a bright light. Near this bright light he saw an old man with a white beard chopping logs to make firewood.

"Good evening," said the poor man to the old man.

"Good evening to you. Where are you going at this late hour?" said the old man.

"I am taking this ham home for my Christmas dinner," answered the poor man.

"It is lucky for you," returned the old man, "that you met me. If you will take that ham into the land of the dwarfs, you can make a good bargain with it. The entrance to the land of the dwarfs lies just under the roots of this tree. The dwarfs are very fond of ham and they seldom get any, but you must not sell the ham for money; instead, get the magic mill which stands behind the door, and when you come out again, I will teach you how to use it."

The poor man thanked his new friend, who then showed him the door under a stone below the roots of a tree. By this door the poor man entered the land of the dwarfs, and when he got in, all the little people swarmed around him like ants in an anthill, and each one of them tried to buy the ham.

"I ought to keep it for my Christmas dinner," said the poor man, "but I will sell it to you if you will give me the magic mill which stands there behind the door."

At first they would not agree to this. They offered him gold and silver, but he refused all such offers. Finally, some of the dwarfs said, "Let him have the

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old mill. He does not know how to use it. Let him have it, and we will take the ham."

At last the bargain was made. The poor man took the magic mill, which was a little thing, not half so large as the ham, and then returned to his old friend the woodchopper, who showed him how to start it and also how to stop it. The poor man then thanked the old man again and started off with all speed for home. But all this had taken a great deal of time, and it was nearly midnight before he reached home.

"Where have you been?" said the poor man's wife. "I have been waiting, waiting, waiting, and we have neither wood for the fire nor food for our Christmas dinner."

The house was cold and dark, but the poor man told his wife to wait and see what would happen. He then placed the little magic mill on the table and told it to grind light and heat. As soon as the mill started, the room became brilliantly lighted by candles, and a bright and cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth. He then told the mill to grind a tablecloth, dishes, spoons, knives, and forks. He next told it to grind meat, and everything else that was good for a Christmas Eve supper; and the mill ground all that he ordered.

He was astonished at his good luck, as you may believe; and his wife was almost beside herself with joy. His wife wanted to know where he got the mill, but he would not tell her that. They had a splendid supper and a very merry Christmas.

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On the third day, the poor man invited all his friends to come to a feast. What a feast it was! The table was covered with a cloth as white as snow, and the dishes were all silver or gold. The rich brother could not, in his great house and with all his wealth, set such a table.

"There is something very strange in all this," said every one.

"Something very strange indeed," said the rich brother. "On Christmas evening you were so poor that you came to my house and begged for food, and now you give a feast as if you were a king! Where did you get all these things?"

The poor brother then brought out the magic mill and made it grind first one thing and then another. The magic mill ground out boots and shoes, coats and cloaks, stockings, gowns, and blankets, and the poor man's wife gave all of these things to the poor people who had gathered about the house to get a sight of the grand feast that the poor brother had made for the rich one.

The rich brother wanted to borrow the mill, intending, for he was not an honest man, never to return it. But his brother would not lend it, for the old man with the white beard had told him never to sell it or lend it to any one.

Years passed by, and at last the owner of the mill built himself a grand castle on a rock near the sea. He covered this castle with plates of gold. The castle

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windows and the golden plates, reflecting the golden sunset, could be seen far out from the shore. This wonderful castle soon became a noted landmark for sailors. Strangers often came to see this castle of gold and the wonderful mill, of which the strangest tales were told far and wide.

After some time, there came a great merchant, who wished to see the magic mill. He asked whether it would grind salt; and, being told that it would, he wanted to buy it; for he traded in salt, and thought that if he owned the mill, he could supply all his customers without having to take long and dangerous voyages.

The man would not sell it, of course. He was so rich now that he did not want to use it for himself; but every Christmas he ground out food and clothes and coal for the poor, and nice presents for the little children; so he rejected all the offers of the rich merchant.

The merchant, however, made up his mind to steal the mill. He bribed one of the man's servants to let him into the castle at night, and he stole the magic mill and sailed away with it in triumph.

When he had gone a little way out to sea, he took the mill out on the deck and decided to set it to work.

"Now, mill, grind salt," said he; "grind salt with all your might! — salt, salt, nothing but salt!" So the mill began to grind salt and the sailors began to fill the sacks with it; but all of the sacks were soon full,

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and in spite of all that could be done, the salt began to fill the ship.

When the ship was filled the dishonest merchant was very much frightened, and wanted to stop the mill. But the mill would not stop grinding. The merchant knew how to start the mill, but he did not know how to stop it; no matter which way he turned it, it went on grinding and grinding. The heap of salt grew higher and higher, until at last the ship went down, making a great whirlpool where it sank.

The ship soon went to pieces, but the mill stands on the bottom of the sea, and day after day, year after year, it grinds "salt, salt, nothing but salt!" And this is the reason, say the peasants of Denmark and Norway, why the sea is salt.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

Have you ever wondered why you should have to tell over a story in your reader after you have read it? The reason is this:

When you have read something and have not "thought it over" afterwards, you forget it quickly. But when you "tell it over" and thus have to "think it over again," you remember it. So, after reading anything, always think it over, and ask yourself questions about it. It will make your memory grow day by day till you will at last remember all that you read. So try hard to be able to answer all the questions following a selection. And the best way to remember any lesson, after you have studied it, is to shut your book, and "think it all over," — not the *words*, but the *meaning*.

1. Tell the story of the two brothers.
2. Tell how the poor brother met the dwarfs.

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3. Tell how he got the magic mill.
4. Tell the wonderful things the mill did for him.
5. Tell how the poor brother helped his neighbors.
6. Tell what he did when the mill made him rich.
7. Tell how he lost the mill.
8. Tell how the greedy merchant was punished for stealing the mill.
9. How did the sea become salty?
10. Do you think that this story is true? Why not?
11. Maybe your teacher will tell you how the sea did become salty.

The sea is a jovial comrade;
He laughs wherever he goes;
His merriment shows in dimpling lines
That wrinkle his hale repose:
He lays himself down at the feet of the sun,
And shakes all over with glee;
And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore
In the mirth of the mighty sea.

BAYARD TAYLOR

The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,
As lightly and as free,
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave, with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.

AMELIA B. WELBY

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ROMANCE

GABRIEL SETOUN

Here is another song of "Shut-Eye Town," somewhat like "Wynken, Blynken and Nod." And it is a very pretty song, too, with a very pretty tune. It is full of beautiful pictures that children see in "Shut-Eye Town."

Now let us try to see the pictures in this beautiful lullaby, or sleep song. Everybody everywhere, in all lands, loves lullabies, for every one remembers how his dear mother sang him to sleep with them. Mother sang a lullaby to us, and then softly motioned to the Dustman, who came and scattered his soft dust over our eyes, and then took us by the hand and led us away into Slumber-Land, or took us with him a-sailing on a beautiful ship whose —

"Masts were of the shining gold,
Her deck of ivory."

Even the North American Indians have some beautiful slumber songs, which they sing to their papooses or babies. The Indians on the Pacific coast have a beautiful name for the woven basket or cradle in which their papooses sleep. They call it a "papoose moosum icta," which means "baby sleep basket." You have read an Indian lullaby on page 157 of this book.

Now for the pictures in this song.

First, let us see a little child in its mother's arms or in a cradle as the mother rocks it. The child is very sleepy, and his little head rolls sleepily from side to side as he is rocked. And the mother is singing to him, —

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" I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
Her decks of ivory;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
And silvern shrouds had she."

The baby goes to sleep, and then he sails away on, — but wait, you must find out for yourself where he sails and what the ship and the sailors look like.

Anyway, he sees some very wonderful things as the ship " dives beyond the setting sun " and sails all night over the Ocean of Dreams.

Learn the following words before reading the song:

silvern shrouds: silver ropes holding up the masts.
thrice: three times.
triple strings of pearls: three strings of pearls.
cutlasses: heavy, curved swords.

Romance

1

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
Her deck of ivory;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
And silvern shrouds had she.

2

And round about her sailing,
The sea was sparkling white,

From "The Child's World," by Gabriel Setoun, Published by John Lane Company, New York City.

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The waves all clapped their hands and sang
To see so fair a sight.
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
And murmured with delight.

3

Then came the gallant captain,
And stood upon the deck;
In velvet coat, and ruffles white,
Without a spot or speck;
And diamond rings, and triple strings
Of pearls around his neck.

4

And four-and-twenty sailors
Were round him bowing low;
On every jacket three times three
Gold buttons in a row;
And cutlasses down to their knees;
They made a goodly show.

5

And then the ship went sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea;
She dived beyond the setting sun,
But never back came she,
For she found the lands of the golden sands,
Where the pearls and diamonds be.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the ship. (Stanza 1.)
2. Tell how the sea welcomes the ship. (Stanza 2.)
3. How was the captain dressed? (Stanza 3.)
4. How many sailors were there and how were they dressed? What nursery rhyme or song tells of twenty-four somethings "baked in a pie"?
5. What became of the ship?
6. What did the Dream Ship find beyond the setting sun?
7. Dreamland, to which children sail when they go to sleep, is very beautiful. Tell how the poet describes it in the last two lines of the fifth stanza.
8. Which is the prettier sleep song, this or "Lullaby of an Infant Chief," p. 160? Why do you think so?

All day in the green, sunny orchard,
When May was a marvel of bloom,
I followed the busy bee-lovers
Down paths that were sweet with perfume.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

When April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the raindrops glisten;
Fresh violets open every day:
To some new bird each hour we listen.

LUCY LARCOM

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A MAD TEA PARTY

LEWIS CARROLL

This story is a selection from " Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," a book beloved of all children. It was written by an Englishman who called himself " Lewis Carroll," but whose real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. He was born at Warrington, England, in 1832, and died at Guildford in 1898.

" Alice's Adventures in Wonderland " is the story of a dream which Alice is supposed to have had. In her dream, she follows a White Rabbit down into a hole in the earth into Wonderland, which, of course, is Dreamland. There, she has many wonderful adventures. It is a " nonsense story," because it seems to have no sense in it, but it is a delightful story.

A " mad tea party " is a party where the guests talk such nonsense that they seem " crazy," or insane. But there is more than nonsense in this story. It is barely possible that Lewis Carroll, as he told the story to three little girl friends, was hinting at the manner in which they talked and acted toward one another.

You should know the meanings of the following words before reading Part I of the story:

Dormouse (dôr'mous): a small animal not much larger than a mouse, but looking somewhat like a squirrel, and living in trees.

civil (sĭv'ĭl): polite.

indignantly: with a show of anger or offense.

contemptuously (kŏn-tĕmp'tŭ-ŭs-lĭ): with scornful words and manner.

mournfully (mōrn'fo͝ol-ĭ): sadly.

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A Mad Tea Party

Part I

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He

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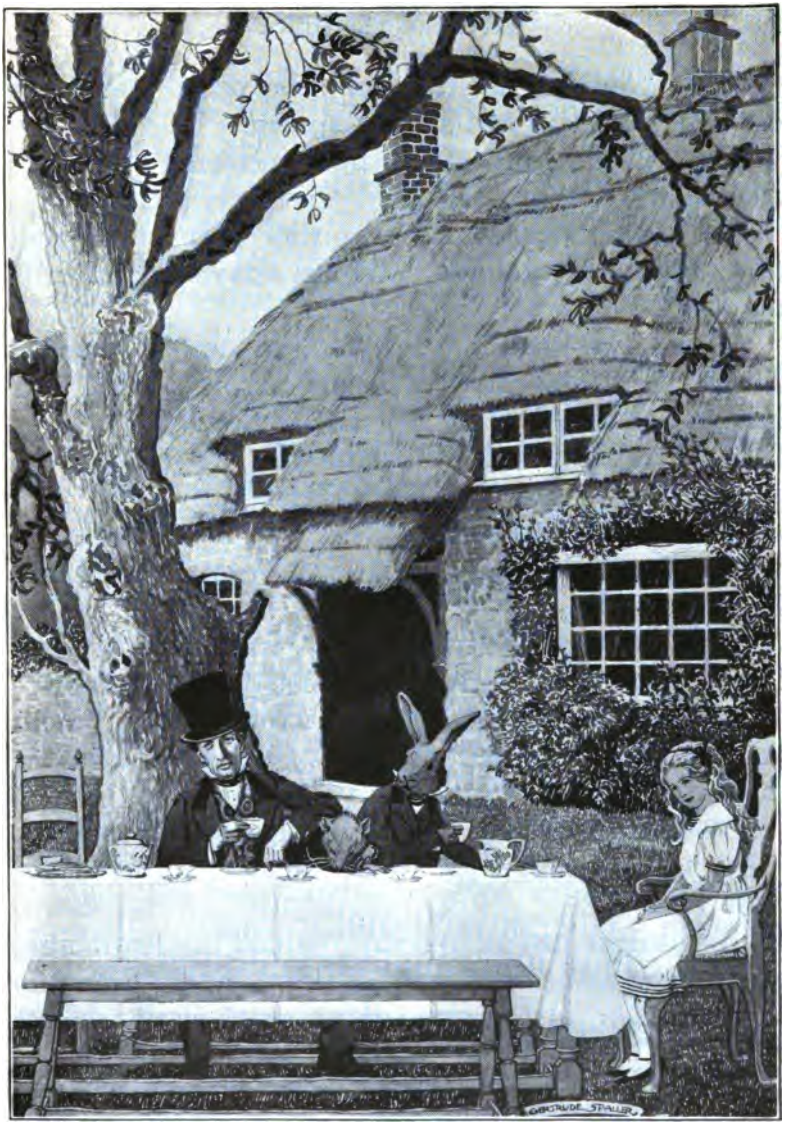

Copyright, 1919, by W. H. Wheeler & Company, Chicago *Gertrude Spaller*

ALICE SAT DOWN IN A LARGE ARMCHAIR AT ONE END OF THE TABLE

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had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity: "It's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles. — I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least — at least I mean what I say — that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see!'"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like!'"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe!'"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party

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sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily; "but

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that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on to its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course: just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No; I give it up," Alice replied: "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

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"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully; "but then — I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter, "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I," he replied. "We quarreled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare). "It was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing: —

> "'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
> How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way: —

> "'Up above the world you fly,
> Like a tea tray in the sky.
> Twinkle, twinkle'" —

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Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle*"—and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh: "it's always tea time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this story? How did he come to write it?
2. How were the Hatter and the March Hare and the Dormouse seated at the table? What was their plan of always having clean dishes? To what one only did it bring a clean plate?
3. What does "civil" mean? Do children ever act and talk like the Hatter, the March Hare, and Alice,

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when a strange child comes up? If you ever knew them to do so, tell about it.

4. Was Alice right in lines 16–17, p. 196? How does the Hatter show her that she is wrong? How does the March Hare show her? How does the Dormouse show her? What does the Hatter mean when he says to the Dormouse, "It is the same thing with you"? Line 11, p. 196.
5. About the Hatter's watch: — the meaning of this is hard to get. Most persons think that the things they are used to are *right*, and that the things they are not used to and that others have are "queer." You think that a Scotchman dressed in kilts looks funny. He thinks your clothing is funny. Explain why Alice thought the Hatter's watch "queer" and tell how he answered her.
6. Explain how the Hatter made Old Father Time angry.
7. How did the Hatter explain why they never washed dishes?

Part II

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading Part II:

treacle (trē′k'l): in England, the word used instead of our word "molasses."

sulkily (sŭlk′ĭ-lĭ): sullenly angry.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

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"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice: "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be sleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie: and they lived at the bottom of a well" —

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked: "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

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"You mean, you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread and butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly: "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know" —

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter: "let's all move one place on."

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He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle well — eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse, — "well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M" —

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze, but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went

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on: "— that begins with an M, such as mousetraps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness — you know you say things are 'much of a muchness' — did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think" —

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off: the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice as she picked her way through the wood.

"It's the stupidest tea party I ever was at in all my life!"

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. "That's very curious!" she thought. "But everything's curious to-day. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table. "Now, I'll manage better this time," she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she set to work nibbling at

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the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket) till she was about a foot high: then she walked down the little passage: and *then* — she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower beds and the cool fountains.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What fib does the Dormouse tell in lines 4–6, p. 202? Why did he tell it? Why was he like some persons? What hint may Lewis Carroll have been giving to the little girls?
2. In England, molasses is sometimes called *treacle*. Why do you suppose that Alice, when the Dormouse said the children lived on treacle, said they would have been ill?
3. Why was Alice wrong when she said, "I've had nothing yet, so I can't have more"? Lines 28–29, p. 202.
4. What had Alice forgotten when she said, "Nobody asked *your* opinion"? Line 3, p. 203.
5. What is the double meaning of the word *draw* in line 24, p. 203? (Remember that this is about a *well*.)
6. A *pun* is the use of a word in such a way that it may have two meanings. What is the pun in "well in," lines 16–17, p. 204?
7. When Alice goes away "in a huff," as if she didn't want to stay, what did she do that is very natural to do? Line 13, p. 205.
8. How did Alice get back to her proper size?
9. Do you think Lewis Carroll was trying to teach his little girl friends something about themselves? If so, what?

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THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

EUGENE FIELD

Have *you* ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree? If not, you will learn all about this very wonderful tree in this poem. But maybe your mother has told you about it as she has sung you to sleep. You can never find it while you are awake, for it blooms on the shore of the Lollipop Sea in the garden of Shut-Eye Town; and so you will have to go to sleep to find it. Just shut your eyes to-night and go to sleep and you may dream about this wonderful tree.

But the poem will tell you all about it. Anyway, it is a very wonderful tree, and you will be interested in finding out how the sugar-plums are shaken down.

But you should learn these words first, or you may not understand how to get the sugar-plums:

a marvel of great renown: a wonder of great fame.

Lollipop Sea (lŏl'ĭ-pŏp): the sea you sail on in your sleep. Lollipops are a kind of candy.

capture (kăp'tūr): to take prisoner, to get.

contrive (kŏn-trīv'): find a way to get.

terrible zest (tĕr'ĭ-b'l): great earnestness.

swelling proportions (prō-pōr' shūns): growing in size, as when the cat raises her fur.

cavorting (kȧ-vôrt'ĭng): capering or prancing about.

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

1

Have you heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
'Tis a marvel of great renown!

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It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
(As those who have tasted it say)
That good little children have only to eat
Of that fruit to be happy next day.

2

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
To capture the fruit which I sing;
The tree is so tall that no person could climb
To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
And a gingerbread dog prowls below —
And this is the way you contrive to get at
Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

3

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
And he barks with such terrible zest
That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
As her swelling proportions attest.
And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
From this leafy limb unto that,
And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground —
Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

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4

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,
With stripings of scarlet or gold,
And you carry away of the treasure that rains
As much as your apron can hold!
So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is "Shut-Eye Town"?
2. If you don't sleep soundly, do you feel well the next day? Then what is the meaning of the last four lines in stanza one?
3. What animal is always up in the sugar-plum tree? What animal is always prowling under the tree? Are they usually friends? Then what is the poet's plan for shaking down the sugar-plums?
4. Tell how this plan is carried out. (Stanza 4.)
5. What kinds of candy were shaken down by the gingerbread dog and the chocolate cat?
6. Does this mean that the candies are real or that good sleep is as sweet as candy? Prove your statement by reading aloud from the poem.

Isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

PHŒBE CARY

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THE TWELVE MONTHS

ÉDOUARD R. L. DE LABOULAYE

A great many of the fairy stories that we love to read were written to teach some great truth or some fine life lesson. Often in reading a fairy story, we do not think to look for the great truth or life lesson that the story teaches. Of course, you know that "The Ugly Duckling" was written to teach us not to despise one among us who is not so handsome or so worthy as ourselves; for he may, like the ugly duckling, sometime far surpass all of the rest of us.

In the pretty story, "The Twelve Months," a woman had a homely daughter and a pretty stepdaughter. To her daughter she gave all kinds of pleasures, while she was stingy and cruel to the poor stepdaughter. Now the mother and her daughter were wicked and cruel and selfish; but Dobrunka, the poor ragged stepdaughter, was good and kind and unselfish.

When the poor stepdaughter was cruelly sent out in the cold winter for violets and strawberries and apples, the kind Twelve Months freely gave them to her; but when the wicked and selfish daughter and mother went to the Twelve Months for the same things, neither of them was given anything, and both of them perished in the storm and the cold.

The lesson that the author of the story about Dobrunka intended to teach us is this: that the good and the unselfish find what they seek at all times; that all seasons, both the cold and the warm, give to the good and the unselfish all the good things which

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they possess; that such persons find happiness at all times and in all places.

But the wicked, the cruel, and the selfish do not find what they seek in any season or in any place; they are never happy, and their selfishness at last destroys them.

This is the lesson in the story: that for the good — although winter may be at the door — there is "summer in the barn, autumn in the cellar, and spring in the heart."

Read the story of "The Twelve Months," watching closely as you read to find out how the author shows that the Twelve Months gave all their treasures to the good Dobrunka, but caused the wicked mother and her selfish daughter to perish.

Learn the meanings of the following words before you read the story:

suitors (sūt'ẽrz): young men coming to seek the two girls in marriage.
fragrance (frā'grăns): pleasant odors, sweet smell.
figure (fĭg'ŭr): something that looked like a person.
staff: a long stick.
verdure (vûr'd͡ʒŭr): the greenness of plants.
fortunate (fôr'tŭ-nat): lucky.
disdainful (dĭs-dān'fo͝ol): scornful, sneering.
repeated the ceremonies (sĕr'ẽ-mō-nĭz): said the same things that he had formerly said.
astonishment (ăs-tŏn'ĭsh-mĕnt): great surprise.

The Twelve Months

Part I

There was once a woman who was left a widow with two children. The elder, who was only her stepdaughter, was named Dobrunka; the younger, who was as wicked as her mother, was called Katinka. The mother worshiped her daughter, but she hated Dobrunka simply because she was as beautiful as her

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sister was ugly. Dobrunka did not even know that she was pretty, and she could not understand why her stepmother flew into a rage at the mere sight of her. The poor child was obliged to do all the work of the house; she had to sweep, cook, wash, sew, spin, weave, cut the grass, and take care of the cow, while Katinka lived like a princess, — that is to say, she did nothing.

Dobrunka worked with a good will, and took scoldings and blows with the gentleness of a lamb; but nothing pleased her stepmother, for every day added to the beauty of the elder sister and the ugliness of the younger. "They are growing up," thought the mother, "and suitors will soon appear, who will refuse my daughter when they see this hateful Dobrunka, who grows beautiful on purpose to spite me. I must get rid of her, cost what it may."

One day in the middle of January, Katinka took a fancy for some violets. She called Dobrunka, and said, "Go to the forest and bring me a bunch of violets, that I many enjoy their fragrance."

"Oh, sister, what an idea!" answered Dobrunka: "as if there were any violets under the snow!"

"Hold your tongue," returned her sister, "and do as I bid you." Upon this the mother took Dobrunka by the arm, put her out of the door, and shut her out.

The poor girl went to the forest, weeping bitterly. Everything was covered with snow; there was not even a footpath. She lost her way and wandered

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about, famishing with hunger and perishing with cold.

All at once she saw a light in the distance. She went on, climbing higher and higher, until at last she reached the top of a huge rock, upon which a great fire was built. Around the fire were twelve stones; and on each stone sat a motionless figure, wrapped in a large cloak, his head covered with a hood which fell over his eyes. Three of these cloaks were white like the snow, three were green like the grass, three were golden like the sheaves of ripe wheat, and three were purple like the grapes of the vine. These twelve figures, gazing at the fire in silence, were the Twelve Months of the year.

Dobrunka knew January by his long white beard. He was the only one that had a staff in his hand. The poor girl was terribly frightened. She drew near, saying in a timid voice, "My good sirs, please let me warm myself by your fire: I am freezing with cold."

January nodded his head. "Why have you come here, my child?" he asked. "What are you looking for?"

"I am looking for violets," replied Dobrunka.

"This is not the season for them: there are no violets in the time of snow," said January in his gruff voice.

"I know it," replied Dobrunka sadly; "but my sister and mother will beat me if I do not bring them some. My good sirs, please tell me where I can find them."

Old January arose, and turning to a young man in

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a green mantle, put his staff in his hand, and said to him, "Brother March, this is your business."

March arose in turn, and stirred the fire with the staff, when behold! the flames arose, the snow melted, the buds put forth on the trees, the grass turned green under the bushes, the flowers peeped through the verdure, and the violets opened — it was spring.

"Make haste, my child, and gather your violets," said March.

Dobrunka gathered a large bouquet, thanked the Twelve Months, and joyfully ran home. You can imagine the astonishment of Katinka and the stepmother. The fragrance of the violets filled the whole house.

"Where did you get these fine things?" asked Katinka in a scornful voice.

"Up yonder, on the mountain," answered her sister. "It looked like a great blue carpet under the bushes."

Katinka did not even thank the poor child.

The next morning the wicked sister, as she sat idling by the stove, took a fancy for some strawberries. "Go to the forest and bring me some strawberries," said she to Dobrunka.

"O sister, what an idea! as if there were any strawberries under the snow!"

"Hold your tongue, and do as I bid you. Go to the forest and bring me back a basket of strawberries."

The mother took Dobrunka by the arm, and put her out of the door.

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The poor girl returned to the forest, looking with all her eyes for the light that she had seen the day before. She was fortunate enough to spy it, and she reached the fire trembling and almost frozen. The Twelve Months were in their places, motionless and silent.

"My good sirs," said Dobrunka, "please let me warm myself by your fire: I am almost frozen."

"Why have you returned?" asked January. "What are you looking for?"

"I am looking for strawberries," answered she.

"This is not the season for them," returned January in his gruff voice: "there are no strawberries under the snow."

"I know it," replied Dobrunka sadly; "but my mother and sister will beat me if I do not bring them some. My good sirs, please tell me where I can find them."

Old January arose, and turning to a man in a golden mantle, he put his staff in his hand, saying, "Brother June, this is your business."

June arose in turn, and stirred the fire with the staff, when behold! the flames arose, the snow melted, the earth grew green, the trees were covered with leaves, the birds sang, and the flowers opened — it was summer. Thousands of little white stars covered the turf, then turned to red strawberries, looking, in their green cups, like rubies set in emeralds.

"Make haste, my child, and gather your strawberries," said June.

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Dobrunka filled her apron, thanked the Twelve Months, and joyfully ran home. You may imagine the astonishment of Katinka and the stepmother. The fragrance of the strawberries filled the whole house.

"Where did you find these fine things?" asked Katinka in a disdainful voice.

"Up yonder on the mountain," answered her sister; "there were so many of them that they looked like blood poured on the ground."

Katinka and her mother devoured the strawberries without even thanking the poor child.

Part II

The third day the wicked sister took a fancy for some red apples. The same threats, the same insults, and the same punishment followed. Dobrunka ran to the mountain, and was fortunate enough to find the Twelve Months warming themselves, motionless and silent.

"You here again, my child?" said old January, making room for her by the fire. Dobrunka told him with tears how, if she did not bring home some red apples, her mother and sister would beat her.

Old January repeated the ceremonies of the day before.

"Brother September," said he to a gray-bearded man in a purple mantle, "this is your business."

September arose and stirred the fire with the staff, when behold! the flames ascended, the snow melted, and the trees put forth a few yellow leaves, which fell one by one before the wind; — it was autumn. The

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only flowers were a few late pinks and daisies. Dobrunka saw but one thing, an apple tree with its rosy fruit.

"Make haste, my child: shake the tree," said September.

She shook it, and an apple fell; she shook it again, and a second apple followed.

"Make haste, Dobrunka, make haste home!" cried September in a voice of command.

The good child thanked the Twelve Months, and joyfully ran home. You may imagine the astonishment of Katinka and the stepmother.

"Fresh apples in January! Where did you get these apples?" asked Katinka.

"Up yonder on the mountain: there is a tree there that is as red with them as a cherry tree in July."

"Why did you bring only two? You ate the rest on the way."

"O sister, I did not touch them; I was permitted to shake the tree only twice, and but two apples fell."

"Begone!" cried Katinka, striking her sister, who ran away crying.

The wicked girl tasted one of the apples; she had never eaten anything so delicious in her life, neither had her mother. How sorry they were for not having any more!

"Mother," said Katinka, "give me my fur cloak. I will go to the forest and find the tree; and whether

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I am permitted or not, I will shake it so hard that all the apples will be ours."

The mother tried to stop her. A spoiled child listens to nothing. Katinka wrapped herself in her fur cloak, drew the hood over her head, and hastened to the forest.

Everything was covered with snow; there was not even a footpath. Katinka lost her way, but she pushed on, spurred by pride and greed. She spied a light in the distance. She climbed and climbed till she reached the place, and found the Twelve Months, each seated on his stone, motionless and silent. Without asking their permission, she approached the fire.

"Why have you come here? What do you want? Where are you going?" asked old January gruffly.

"What matters it to you, old fool?" answered Katinka. "It is none of your business where I came from or whither I am going." She plunged into the forest. January frowned, and raised his staff above his head. In the twinkling of an eye the sky was overcast, the fire went out, the snow fell, and the wind blew. Katinka could not see the way before her. She lost herself, and vainly tried to retrace her steps. The snow fell and the wind blew. She called her mother, she cursed her sister. The snow fell and the wind blew. Katinka froze, her limbs stiffened, and she fell motionless. The snow still fell and the wind still blew.

The mother went without ceasing from the window

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to the door, and from the door to the window. The hours passed and Katinka did not return.

"I must go out and look for my daughter," said she. "The child has forgotten herself with those hateful apples." She took her fur cloak and hood and hastened to the mountain. Everything was covered with snow; there was not even a footpath. She plunged into the forest, calling her daughter. The snow fell and the wind blew. She walked on with feverish anxiety, shouting at the top of her voice. The snow still fell and the wind still blew.

Dobrunka waited through the evening and the night, but no one returned. "What can have happened?" said the good girl, weeping. The sun was shining through an icy mist, and the ground was covered with snow. Dobrunka prayed for her mother and sister. They did not return.

Dobrunka remained the sole mistress of the house, the cow, and the garden, to say nothing of a piece of meadow adjoining the house. Dobrunka was soon married. The Twelve Months did not abandon her. More than once, when the north wind blew fearfully and the windows shook in their frames, old January stopped up all the cracks of the house with snow, so that the cold might not enter this peaceful home.

Dobrunka lived to a good old age, always happy, having, according to the wise saying, — winter at the door, summer in the barn, autumn in the cellar, and spring in the heart.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why were many of our best fairy stories written?
2. What is the life lesson in "The Ugly Duckling"?
3. Who are the three persons described in this story? What was the mother like? What was Katinka like? What was Dobrunka like?
4. How did the mother and Katinka treat Dobrunka?
5. What did Katinka first order Dobrunka to do?
6. Where did Dobrunka go? Whom did she find in the forest? Describe the Twelve Months. Why were three of them said to be white; three, green; three, golden; and three, purple?
7. How did Dobrunka know January? Tell the conversation between the girl and January. Why did he treat her kindly and give her what she asked? What month gave her the violets?
8. Tell what happened when she brought the violets home. Tell how selfish and cruel Katinka and her mother were.
9. Tell the story of Dobrunka and the strawberries. What month gave them to her? Why were they given to her?
10. How did Katinka and her mother act when Dobrunka brought them the strawberries?
11. Tell the story of the apples. What month gave them to her? Why was she given the apples?
12. How did the mother and daughter again treat her? How many apples did she bring? Why did she not get one for herself? For what did they scold her?
13. Tell how Katinka went to the Twelve Months for apples. How did she reply to the question of January? What did January do in reply? Why did January not treat Katinka as he had treated Dobrunka?
14. What happened to Katinka?

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15. Tell how the wicked mother followed Katinka and what happened to her. Why did the Twelve Months treat her thus?
16. Think carefully about the following: *The Twelve Months are the time given us in which to get gifts of happiness. They give us their gifts of happiness or unhappiness in accordance with the manner in which we come to them.*
17. Why did the Twelve Months give good things to Dobrunka?
18. Why did they refuse good things to the wicked mother and Katinka?
19. For whom do the selfish mother and daughter stand?
20. For whom does Dobrunka stand?
21. What does this fairy story teach?
22. Tell whether the Twelve Months give to you the kind of things which they gave to Dobrunka, or whether they give you the kind which they gave to the mother and daughter.

Édouard R. L. de Laboulaye (dẽ lā-bo͝o-lĕ′), the author of "The Twelve Months," a French writer, was born in 1811, and died in 1883.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed a heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

COLESWORTHY

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THE LAND OF STORYBOOKS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

All of us boys have had fearful fights with lions and tigers and bears and Indians when we have hunted them in the big forests away back in the corner of the parlor after Mother or Father had read us a story. With our little gun and our scalping knife we crawled silently upon the Indians hidden in the big woods, and always killed and scalped them all. Such play is great fun.

Books tell us of lands and peoples that we have never seen. We learn how to hunt bears and to fight Indians by living in the Land of Storybooks.

In the following poem, Robert Louis Stevenson tells how, when he was a little boy, he followed the forest track away back of the sofa in the dark corner, and prowled around the other members of the family who were sitting about the fire like a party of Indians.

Storybooks taught him how to capture his Indians and how to kill his bears and lions. Let us read the poem and go with him hunting lions and Indians. He tells your own story in this poem.

Remember that "starry solitudes" are wild places where no one lives, where in the night the stars shine down, and no one is there but the brave boy hunters.

THE LAND OF STORYBOOKS

1

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;

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Jessie Willcox Smith

LAND OF STORYBOOKS

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They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

2

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

3

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

4

And these are hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

5

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

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6

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Storybooks.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Where did this great hunt take place?
2. Where were his parents? Why does he say that his parents do not play at anything?
3. Where did he make his hunter's camp?
4. What do you suppose he thought were the hills, the woods, and the "starry solitudes"?
5. What do you think he played was the river where the lions roared?
6. Who were the Indians?
7. Why did he not like to go to bed, and what did he do when on his way to bed?
8. Do you read storybooks and have you ever played in this way? If so, tell the class about it.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the Scotch poet and novelist, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1850. He wrote many novels for grown persons, but he is loved most for his poems and stories for children. Perhaps you have read his pirate story, "Treasure Island." From his poems, "The Land of Storybooks" and "The Little Land," you will easily see how he always remained a boy. He lived in the United States for a while, but on account of illness he went to Samoa, an island in the South Pacific Ocean, where he died in 1894.

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.

JOHN RUSKIN

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THE LITTLE LAND

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

In this poem, Robert Louis Stevenson takes his "traveling cloak" and sails away into the wonderful "Little Land," where he is so little that the daisy and clover stalks seem as big as big trees to him. "The Little Land" is that fairy land where we go when we play "make-believe," and it is one of the most wonderful lands anywhere.

Now let us also get our "traveling cloaks" and go with Mr. Stevenson on a trip into "The Little Land," or the Land of the Little People.

We shall begin by reading just the first stanza, and then shut our eyes and sail away on our "traveling cloaks."

Now we are only an inch high, and we are walking through a clover tree forest, where the little pools are like big seas to us, and the floating leaf-ships are sailing on long voyages to distant places.

Remember that you have only to shut your eyes; mount your "traveling cloak"; say, "Abracadabra, dum! dum! dum!"— and you are off.

Try to see the picture in every line, or else you will have lost your "traveling cloak."

Now let us read the story, and stick fast to our "traveling cloaks" as we read. If only we can see as Mr. Stevenson could see, it will be so delightful a trip that we shall say with him, —

"O dear me!
That I could be

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A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree,
And just come back, a sleepy head,
Late at night to go to bed."

pied (pīd): being spotted with many colors.

The Little Land

1

When at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
  I have just to shut my eyes
  To go sailing through the skies —
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
  To the fairyland afar
  Where the Little People are;
Where the clover tops are trees,
And the rain-pools are the seas,
  And the leaves like little ships
  Sail about on tiny trips;
And about the daisy tree
  Through the grasses,
High o'erhead the bumblebee
  Hums and passes.

2

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
  See the spider and the fly,
  And the ants go marching by,

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Carrying parcels with their feet,
Down the green and grassy street.
I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybirds have lit;
I can climb the jointed grass,
And on high
See the greater swallows pass
In the sky;
And the round sun rolling by,
Heeding no such things as I.

3

Through the forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain-pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land,
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.
Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;

4

Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armor green —
These have sure to battle been! —

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Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue;
  Some have wings and swift are gone; —
  But they all look kindly on.
When my eyes I once again
Open, and see all things plain;
  High bare walls, great bare floor;
  Great big knobs on drawer and door;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
  Each a hill that I could climb,
  And talking nonsense all the time —
    O dear me!
    That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree,
  And just come back, a sleepy head,
  Late at night to go to bed.

From "Poems of Stevenson." Copyright, 1900, Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of Robert Louis Stevenson.
2. From where do we start for the trip to "The Little Land"?
3. What is "The Little Land"?
4. How big are we when we get there?
5. What do pools and clover and daisy stalks look like?
6. Tell other wonderful things that we see there.
7. On what shall we take a great voyage?
8. What strange creatures watch us as we sail?
9. What things do we see when we get back, and how do they make us feel?

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TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

EDITH M. THOMAS

Boys and girls are very much alive and very wide awake all day. But when night comes, they take off the clothes they wore in the daytime, and go to bed to sleep. When they are asleep, they are very still.

The trees and flowers and grass are wide awake from early in May until the middle of September. Then they, too, go to sleep for the long winter. They have been awake during all the long summer, which is their day, and so they have a long sleep in the winter, which may be called their night.

The plants, too, when they go to sleep, take off the clothes they wore during the long day of five or six months, and they, too, are covered up during their long winter night, in the northern countries, with a blanket whiter than any we ever slept under. What is it?

It is a very wonderful thing to see the plants wake up in the spring, when the first warm sunshine comes. Next spring you should watch carefully to see the spring beauties wake up, and push off their coverlet of black soil. Have you ever thought why we call the places where we plant garden seeds "beds"? Why is it?

In this poem, the apple tree, the grass, and the flowers are warning us that they are not dead just because they look dead. They have only been asleep during the long winter night after their long all-summer day. In the spring, just as boys and girls awake in the morning, they will awake again.

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You will need to learn these new words to understand this story:

shoot: a small young branch or growth.
quick grass: grass that is alive in its roots.
plumy seed (plo͞om'ĭ): a fuzzy seed.

But you will have to see the pictures of bare trees, dead, brown grass, and flower seeds, if you really wish to understand what Miss Thomas, who speaks for the plants, is telling you.

Talking in Their Sleep

1

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show —
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away —
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

2

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade;
But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.

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I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here, —
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

3

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again —
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Does the first stanza truly describe a tree in winter? Study it a line at a time and then answer.
2. Why does the tree pity the dead grass at its root? Is the tree right or not?
3. Where is the grass, which looks so dead, still alive? Is the grass right in pitying the flower and thinking it is dead? Explain your answer.
4. How does the snow keep the grass roots from freezing? What crops does the snow blanket keep alive? Is the snow really useful then? Explain why.
5. Where is the life of the flower that seems dead?

Edith Matilda Thomas, who wrcte "Talking in Their Sleep," was born in Chatham, Ohio, in 1854. She is one of our best American poets. She lives in New York City.

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MARCH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

This poem by the great English poet, William Wordsworth, is just a series of beautiful pictures told in words. This story might easily be made into a moving picture. There are seven pictures in the first stanza. Try to find all of them and see them for yourselves.

Do the same with the second stanza, which is a little harder than the first one. How many pictures do you find in the second stanza?

This poem will give you fine practice in "seeing pictures in a poem."

You will need to know the following words in the poem, or you will not be able to understand it or see the pictures:

grazing (grāz'ĭng): eating grass.
defeated (dē-fēt'ĕd): beaten in battle.
retreated (rē-trēt'ed): driven back.
whooping (hōōp'ĭng): shouting loudly.
blue sky prevailing: (prē-vāl'-ĭng): the clouds are small and so more of the blue sky shows than is covered by the clouds.

MARCH

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,

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The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping — anon — anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What time of year does this poem tell of?
2. What season begins with this month?
3. Is this poem a true picture of the month? Why?
4. What is meant by "the green field sleeps in the sun"?
5. What is meant by "the oldest and youngest"?
6. Tell why spring is a busy time in the country.
7. Shut your eyes and try to see the cattle grazing. Then tell what you see and decide whether the poem describes it correctly.

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8. Do you think the cattle were very hungry? What lines tell you?
9. What does "forty feeding like one" mean?
10. What had "defeated" the snow and made it "retreat"?
11. How does the snow "retreat"?
12. Why does the snow on the top of a hill "fare ill"?
13. Why does Mr. Wordsworth say now there is "life in the fountains"? In what condition have the springs been all winter?
14. Explain line 13; line 14; lines 16 and 17.

William Wordsworth, the great English poet, was born in England April 7, 1770. He was made poet laureate in 1843. He died at Rydal Mount, April 23, 1850.

Ah, March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!
How it clatters along the roofs
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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MOUFFLOU

LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE

This is a story of a little Italian boy's great love for his dog Moufflou (mo͞of'lo͞o), and the return of this great love by the beautiful little dog. The story needs no explanation and almost all of the words are easy. But here are a few that you should learn before you read the story. You see, when you don't know all the words, it is as if some one were trying to talk to you in a foreign language. So, if you want to learn to enjoy fully what you read, you will have to learn every new word that you meet, so that it will never bother you again.

And you should learn the hard words *before* you read a story, and not afterward, for it is *before* or *when* you read the story that they help you, and not afterward. Hence, in these readers the meanings of the hard words in a selection are put before the selection.

Learn the meanings of these words before reading Part I:

Florence: a city in western Italy.
jasper: a kind of semiprecious stone.
venders: peddlers.
daffodil time: early summer.
inexhaustible (ĭn-ĕg-zŏs'tĭ-b'l): that would last forever. Notice that it is spelled "*i*ble."

MOUFFLOU

PART I

Moufflou's masters were some boys and girls. They were very poor, but they were very happy. They lived

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in an old weather-beaten house in the old part of Florence. Their father had been dead five years, and their mother's care was all that they knew. Tasso was the eldest of them all, a boy about twenty years old, and he was so kind, so good, so industrious, so cheerful, and so gentle that all the children loved him dearly. Tasso was a gardener, and all that he earned he brought home to his mother, and with this small sum of money she managed to clothe and feed the family. Tasso, however, was not so much Moufflou's master as was little Lolo, who was only ten years old and a cripple. Lolo had taught Moufflou all that he knew; and that was a very great deal, for there never was a cleverer dog than Moufflou.

Moufflou was a snow-white poodle with such soft curly wool that he looked just like a lamb. He was given to them when he was a little puppy, and the children's mother had said that he was just like a mouflon, which was what they called a sheep in her country. White and woolly this dog remained, and he became the handsomest and biggest poodle in all the city. But the children called him Moufflou, and this was the name by which he was known. It was silly, perhaps, but it suited him and the children.

The old house in which the family lived was near a tall, gray church. It was a beautiful old church, and all the children loved it, but Lolo most of all. He loved it in the morning, when the sunbeams turned it into dusky gold and jasper; he loved it at noon, when

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it was cool and shady; and at sunset, when the long rays shone through the painted windows and made blue, and golden, and violet lights on the floor. He loved it when the people brought in great bundles of white lilies to trim it, and he also loved it in the solemn nights of winter.

Little Lolo, being lame and delicate, was not able to go to school nor to work, though he wove straw baskets and cane matting with his busy little fingers. But for the most part he did as he liked, and spent most of his time sitting on the church steps watching the venders of earthenware at their trucks, or with Moufflou out in the fields on the hillside. Moufflou and he would spend half the day — all the day — in the fields in daffodil time; and Lolo would come home with great bundles and sheaves of golden flowers, and he and Moufflou were very happy.

In that country, every man must be a soldier for at least three years. Tasso was almost a man now, and he and his mother knew that he would soon have to go away to be a soldier. If he only had money enough, he could pay some one to go in his place, but Tasso had no money and neither had his poor mother. So every day she was troubled for fear that Tasso might have to go to the wars.

But Lolo and Moufflou knew nothing of all this, and every day when Lolo was well enough, they were happy together. One bright morning in September, Lolo was sitting on the old church steps as usual with

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Moufflou beside him, when a gentleman stopped to look at them as he left the church.

"You have a handsome poodle there, my little man," he said to Lolo.

"Moufflou is beautiful," said Lolo, with pride; "but you should see him when he has just been washed. He is then as white as snow."

"Does he do any tricks?"

"Does he!" said Lolo. "Why, Moufflou can do anything. He can walk on two legs ever so long. He can dance, beg, shut a door, or make a wheelbarrow of himself. Should you like to see him do some tricks?"

"Very much," said the gentleman.

So there, under the lofty and stately walls of the old church, Lolo put Moufflou through his exercises. Moufflou was very glad to do them, for no one had ever whipped him or hurt him, and he loved to do what his little master wished.

The gentleman was very much pleased, and said half aloud, "How this clever dog would amuse poor Victor!" He then told Lolo that his little boy was so weak and so sick that he could not get up from the sofa. He asked Lolo to bring Moufflou to the hotel where he was staying, and Lolo promised to do so that very afternoon. The gentleman then dropped his card and a couple of francs into Lolo's hand and went his way. And Lolo went hopping home as fast as his little crutch could carry him, with Moufflou scampering after him.

"Mother, Mother! see what I got and all because

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dear Moufflou did his pretty tricks so nicely," Lolo shouted. "And now you can buy those shoes you want so much, and the coffee that you miss so in the morning, and the new Sunday suit for Tasso, and the new shirts for Sandro!" For to the mind of Lolo, two francs were as two millions; a source of riches inexhaustible!

In the afternoon, Lolo and Moufflou trotted down the street to the hotel where the gentleman was staying. They were soon shown into a room where, stretched on a couch, was a little wan-faced boy about seven years old; a pretty boy, but very pallid, and wasted, and helpless. This poor little boy was heir to a great name and a great fortune, but all the science in the world could not make him strong enough to run about amongst the daisies, or able to draw a single breath without pain. A feeble smile lighted up his face as he saw Moufflou and Lolo; and then a shadow chased it away.

"Little boy is lame like me," he said in a language which Lolo did not understand.

Lolo then put Moufflou through his tricks, and the little boy laughed and shouted with his tiny, thin voice, and tossed them both a handful of cakes and candies. Neither the boy nor the dog ever had quite enough to eat, so they nibbled the cakes with their sharp white teeth and were very glad.

When Lolo got up to go home, the little boy began to cry and said: "Oh, I want the dog! I will have the dog!" And he repeated this again and again.

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Edmund H. Garrett

LOLO THEN PUT MOUFFLOU THROUGH HIS TRICKS

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But Lolo did not understand what he said, and was only sorry to see him so unhappy.

"You shall have the dog to-morrow," said the gentleman, to pacify his little son. He then gave Lolo five francs and hurried him and Moufflou out of the room.

Lolo hurried home as fast as he could, and Moufflou trotted along on his four frilled feet, and the blue ribbon with which his pretty curls were tied up on the top of his head fluttered in the wind. But, alas! even the five francs could bring no comfort at home. They found the whole family crying. Tasso must go away to be a soldier for three years, and Lolo's five francs would not hire a substitute.

Tasso must go away! — that was all they understood. For three long years they must go without the sight of his face, the aid of his strength, the pleasure of his smile. Tasso must soon go away to the war! When Lolo understood this, he sat down on the floor beside his brother and cried as if his heart would break.

Part II

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading Part II:

substitute: here, another man to take Tasso's place as a soldier.
delirious: not in his right mind.

The next morning Lolo got up before sunrise, and he and Moufflou went with Tasso to work in the gardens. "Can nothing keep you, Tasso?" said Lolo, as they

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went down the leafy aisles, under the green trees and along the bright river.

"Nothing, unless I can borrow a thousand francs to hire a substitute, and no one would lend me that amount of money," said Tasso, sadly.

When Lolo went home to dinner, he found his mother very much excited. She was laughing one moment and crying the next. She had a secret, and she did not know what to do with it. When they had finished their dinner, the mother said sharply to Lolo: "Your aunt wants you this afternoon. She has to go out, and she wants you to stay with the children."

Lolo put on his hat, called Moufflou, and was limping toward the door when his mother said:

"Leave the dog. Your aunt does not want him carrying mud about her nice clean rooms. She told me so. Leave him here with me."

"Leave Moufflou!" said Lolo. "Why, I never leave him; he would not know what to do without me all the afternoon."

"Leave him, I say," she repeated more sharply than ever. "Must I speak twice to my own children?" And she clutched Moufflou by his long, silky mane and dragged him backwards, while with the other hand she threw open the door for Lolo.

Lolo went away in silence to the home of his aunt. He was very sad, and he had to stay in a little dark room with the two babies, with nothing to amuse him but the ringing of the church bells. But the hours

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went by, and when night came he hurried back to his home, with a vague, dull fear at his small heart.

"Moufflou, Moufflou!" he called. Where was Moufflou? Always at the sound of his crutch, the poodle came flying toward him. He pushed open the door, and he called again, "Moufflou, Moufflou!"

But no dog answered to his call.

"Mother, where is Moufflou?" he asked. His mother went on with her knitting, but there was an uneasy look on her face.

"Mother, what have you done with Moufflou, *my* Moufflou?" said Lolo.

Then his mother, without looking up, and moving her knitting needles very rapidly, said: "Moufflou is sold! I sold him for a thousand francs to the gentleman."

"Sold him!"

Lolo grew white and as cold as ice. He stammered, threw his hands up over his head, gasped a little for breath, and then fainted and fell.

When Tasso came home that evening, he found his little brother shivering and moaning and half unconscious, and when he heard what had been done, he said: "O Mother! how could you do it? Poor, poor Moufflou! and Lolo loves him so!"

"I have the money," said the mother, "and you need not be a soldier. We can get another poodle for Lolo."

"Another poodle will not be Moufflou," said Tasso, sadly.

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It was true; the mother had sold Moufflou to the gentleman, who said that his little boy would not be comforted without him. Now, at any other time, this good woman would have sturdily refused to sell Moufflou at any price, but that morning the thousand francs, which would hire another man to take Tasso's place in the army, were ever in her mind and before her eyes. The gentleman had consented to pay this price for the poodle, and she had accepted it. Meanwhile, Lolo was sick and delirious with grief. "Moufflou, Moufflou!" he sobbed at every moment, and by night he was in a raging fever. His mother called in the doctor, and that worthy shook his head and said something about a great shock to the nervous system.

Lolo took a hatred to the sight of Tasso, and thrust him away, and his mother, too.

"It is for you Moufflou is sold," he said with his little teeth and hands tight clenched.

After a day or two Tasso felt as if he could not bear his life, and he went down to the hotel to see if the gentleman would not let him bring Moufflou back for half an hour to quiet his little brother. But at the hotel he was told that the gentleman had left for Rome.

"And did he take Moufflou with him?" asked Tasso.

"Yes; the poodle he bought went with him," said the porter of the hotel. "Such a beast! Howling, shrieking, raging all the day, and all the paint scratched off the door."

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Poor Moufflou! Tasso's heart was very heavy. When he told his mother what had happened, she said fiercely: "A dog is a dog. They will feed him better than we could. In a week he will have forgotten us."

But Tasso feared that Moufflou would not forget. Lolo certainly would not. The doctor came twice a day now, and ice and water were kept on the aching, hot little head. Most of the time Lolo lay quiet, dull, and stupid, breathing heavily, and then at times he cried, and sobbed, and shrieked for Moufflou.

"If he could only see the dog he cries so for, it might save him," said the doctor.

But that was not possible. No one could tell where Moufflou was. He might be carried away to England, to France, to America, who could say? Moufflou might even be dead.

The poor mother went and looked at the thousand francs. Her eldest son would stay at home, indeed; but if this little lame one should die! She felt that she would gladly have given up the money if she could but have Moufflou back, and see his little master running out again with him into the sunshine.

Part III

Learn the meaning of the following words before reading Part III:

pampered: badly spoiled. | **perils**: dangers.

More than a month went by, and Lolo lay in the same state. His hair had been cut short. He did not

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know his brothers and sisters, nor his mother, and his little aching head went to and fro, to and fro, on the pillow from morning till night.

The neighbors were kind, and brought fruit and flowers and sat up with him. But Lolo did not get well. He grew weaker and weaker every day, until the doctor in plain words told the mother that her boy must die very soon.

One afternoon they were all in Lolo's room. The windows were wide open. All was so still that you could hear poor Lolo's faint breathing, when — suddenly there was a scampering and a pattering of little feet on the stairs, and a poodle dashed into the room and jumped on the bed. It was Moufflou, but you would never have known him. He looked like a ball of mud and dust as he dashed through the room.

When Moufflou jumped on the bed, Lolo opened his eyes a little, and a sudden light gleamed in them like a sunbeam. "Moufflou!" he murmured in his little thin faint voice. He laid one little thin hand on the dog's head; then he turned on his pillow, closed his eyes, and went quietly to sleep. The dog pressed close to his little master's breast and kissed his little wasted face.

Moufflou had come home!

And Lolo came home, too, for death let go its hold upon him. Little by little, very faintly and very uncertainly at first, life returned to the poor little body, and reason to the heated little brain.

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Lolo was happy; he asked no questions; he was too weak, indeed, even to wonder. He had Moufflou, and that was enough. But Tasso and his mother knew that the dog had been sold and paid for, and that his purchaser would be sure to seek him at his old home. They also knew that if they did not give him up themselves, the law would make them do so.

Tasso and his mother dared say nothing about this before any of the children, but they felt their hearts in their mouths at every step on the stairs, and every evening when Tasso came from his work, he would ask his mother, "Has any one come for Moufflou?" For ten days no one came, and their first terrors lulled a little.

But on the eleventh morning, a servant came and spoke the words they had so much dreaded to hear: "Has the poodle that you sold to an English gentleman come back to you?"

The servant said that they had missed the dog in Rome only a few days after they took him there; that they had searched for him in vain; and that his master had thought it just possible that he might have found his way back to his old home.

"The dog did come home," said Tasso, in a low voice; "angels must have shown him the road, poor beast! From Rome! Only to think of it, all the way from Rome! And he a poor dumb thing! I tell you that he is here; and now will you let me speak to the English gentleman before you take him away?"

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The servant agreed to this. Tasso thanked him. He then took the thousand francs from the old oak desk, and with the money in his pocket he walked out into the air. He was thankful that his mother was not at home. He was but a poor working boy, but he had made up his mind to do a heroic deed, for self-sacrifice is always heroic. He went straight to the hotel and was shown to the gentleman's room. A delicate child, who was lying on the couch, cried: "Moufflou, Moufflou! Where is Moufflou?" as he saw the youth enter the room.

"If you please, sir," said Tasso, "poor Moufflou has come home." The child gave a cry of delight; the gentleman one of wonder. "Come home! All the way from Rome!"

"Yes; he has come home," said Tasso, gaining courage, "and now I want to beg something of you." He then told the gentleman that he did not know that his mother was going to sell the dog; that they were very poor, and that his mother had sold Moufflou to get money enough to hire a substitute so that he would not have to go away to be a soldier; and that little Lolo fell sick and nearly died without his dear Moufflou; and that at last one afternoon Moufflou came back to them, thin and hungry, and dirty, but glad to see his little master again. He asked the gentleman to take back the thousand francs and let Moufflou stay with them. He said he would go to be a soldier if he must, but Lolo and his dog must never be parted again.

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"Did you understand, Victor?" the gentleman said to his little son.

The child hid his face in the cushions. "Yes; I did understand something. Let Lolo keep him; Moufflou was not happy with me"; but he burst out crying as he said it.

Moufflou had run away from him. Moufflou had never loved him, for all his sweet cakes and fond caresses. Moufflou had run away and had found his own road over two hundred miles or more to go back to some little hungry children, who never had enough to eat themselves, and so certainly could never give the dog enough to eat. Poor little boy! He was so rich and so pampered and so powerful, and yet he could never make Moufflou love him!

"Poor faithful dog!" said the gentleman, with a sigh. "I fear we were very cruel to him, meaning to be kind. No; we will not claim him, and I do not think that you should go away to be a soldier. You are a good boy, and your mother needs you. You may keep the money, my boy, and in payment you may get another poodle like Moufflou and train him for me. I will come to see your mother and Lolo to-morrow."

You can imagine the joy when Tasso returned home with the money and the good news. Tasso's substitute was hired without a day's delay, and Lolo recovered very rapidly. As for Moufflou, he could never tell them his troubles, his wanderings, his difficulties, his perils; he could never tell them how he found his

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way across Italy from the gates of Rome to the gates of Florence. But he soon grew plump again, and merry, and his love for Lolo was greater than before.

They soon found a poodle almost as pretty as Moufflou for the little English boy, and as soon as Lolo was strong enough, he began teaching the puppy all of Moufflou's tricks.

In the winter all of the family went to live on an estate that the English gentleman had purchased, and there Moufflou was happier than ever. The little English boy gained in strength in the soft air, and he and Lolo are great friends and play with Moufflou and the poodle puppy half the day upon the sunny terraces, and under the green orange boughs. Tasso is one of the gardeners there, and he is very happy. Lolo means to be a florist, and a great one, when he grows to be a man. He is learning to read as the first step on the road of his ambition.

"But, O Moufflou! how *did* you find your way home?" he asks the dog a hundred times a week.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of the author of this story.
2. Describe Lolo's family and their work.
3. Describe Moufflou.
4. Describe Lolo.
5. Tell how Lolo and Moufflou played together.
6. Why was it so necessary for this family to get money?
7. Tell how Moufflou earned some money for his master.
8. Tell how poor Moufflou was sold.

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9. What happened to Lolo when he found it out?
10. Where had Moufflou been taken?
11. How did Tasso try to get him back?
12. Tell how Moufflou came back. Why was it wonderful?
13. What did Tasso wish to do that Lolo might get well?
14. How did the purchaser of Moufflou prove to be a noble gentleman?
15. Why is a dog's love one of the greatest loves?

Louise de la Ramée (de lä rà-mā′), a popular English novelist, was born at Edmunds, England, in 1840, but at an early age she removed with her mother to London. Her pen name was Ouida (wē′dä), a little child friend's way of saying "Louise." Ouida had a great fondness for dogs of every size and breed. Her best work appears in her stories for children, among which are the "Bimbi Stories," "A Dog of Flanders," and "The Nürnberg Stove." She died in 1908.

A Spring Morning

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world.

Robert Browning

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ROBIN'S COME

WILLIAM W. CALDWELL

Do you remember how, early in spring, you came running into the house, excitedly calling out: "Oh, Mother, Robin's come! Come out and hear the first robin!" Try right now to remember his song.

The song of the robin is one of the first glad sounds of spring. When we have grown tired of cold and snow, some evening in March, we suddenly hear a robin, perched on a high tree top, singing at the top of his sweet voice and telling us that spring has come. He has been spending his winter, like a rich man, far away in the sunny South, and now he has come back to the same place where he and his mate had their nest last year. If you will watch carefully and not scare the birds, you will see them busily building the new nest.

Approach very quietly and do not touch it, or you will drive Mrs. Robin away. In a week or two, if you watch carefully, you will find in the nest some very beautiful blue eggs, and in the evenings, while Mrs. Robin sits on the eggs to keep them warm, Robin Redbreast will sit on the topmost bough of the tree and sing to her.

You will find it much more fun to watch the robins build their nest and raise their young than to throw stones at them.

Learn the meanings of the following words:

tidings (tī-dĭngz): news of.

harbinger of spring (här'bĭn-jēr): one who brings news or word that spring is coming.

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reveille (rĕv-ĕ-lē′): the morning bugle call of soldiers. Here Robin's song is the reveille, or awakening call, of spring.

cowslips (kou′slĭps): yellow flowers that grow in damp ground.

daffodils (dăf′ō-dĭlz): yellow, bell-shaped flowers that bloom early in spring.

ravished (răv′ĭsht): made joyously glad.

refrain (rē-frān′): a chorus.

Robin's Come

1

From the elm-tree's topmost bough,
  Hark! the Robin's early song!
Telling one and all that now
  Merry springtime hastes along;
Welcome tidings dost thou bring,
Little harbinger of spring;
  Robin's come!

2

Of the winter we are weary,
  Weary of the frost and snow;
Longing for the sunshine cheery,
  And the brooklet's gurgling flow;
Gladly then we hear thee sing
The reveille of spring;
  Robin's come!

3

Ring it out o'er hill and plain,
  Through the garden's lonely bowers,
Till the green leaves dance again,

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ROBIN'S COME

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Till the air is sweet with flowers!
Wake the cowslips by the rill,
Wake the yellow daffodil;
Robin's come!

4

Then, as thou wert wont of yore,
Build thy nest and rear thy young,
Close beside our cottage door,
In the woodbine leaves among;
Hurt or harm thou needs't not fear,
Nothing rude shall venture near;
Robin's come!

5

Swinging still o'er yonder lane
Robin answers merrily;
Ravished by the sweet refrain,
Alice claps her hands in glee,
Calling from the open door,
With her soft voice, o'er and o'er,
"Robin's come!"

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Shut your eyes and try to see Robin on his tree top and try to hear his song.
2. What news does he bring?
3. What kind of news is it? Line 5, stanza 1.
4. Why does Robin's song make us so glad? Which stanza tells of this?
5. What pictures of things that are coming does Robin's song make us see? (Stanza 3.)
6. What do we ask Robin to do? What do we promise him? Stanza 4.

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THE QUEST

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD

All of us at times grow tired of our own cozy homes and even of our closest friends. We see them every day and they seem dull and uninteresting. We imagine that there are much more delightful homes in distant lands. We imagine, too, that in some far distant place we should find better and truer friends. The country boy longs for the city, and the city boy longs for the country. It may save us a long journey and a vain search if we read the experience of a boy who traveled far and wide to find the most beautiful home in all the world for his mother and himself.

This poem is a story of a restless boy who grew tired of his home and wanted to go away from it. He lived —

> ". . . in a home by the sea,
> Where the water danced for joy
> And the wind was glad and free."

But he thought that it was "the dullest place in the world." So he went away and traveled all over the world, but he never found any other place so dear as his own home, "the old brown house under the apple tree."

Perhaps every boy that ever lived has felt the same way at times, but at last he has always found that there is no place in all the world quite so dear as the place where mother lives.

> " Where mother is, we call that home."

The meanings of the following words may help you:

wistful: wishful; longing. | **quoth she** (kwōth): said she.

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The Quest

1

There once was a restless boy
  Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy
  And the wind was glad and free:
But he said, "Good mother, oh! let me go;
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
  Is this little brown house,
  This old brown house,
    Under the apple tree.

2

"I will travel east and west;
  The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
  Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
  From this little brown house,
  This old brown house,
    Under the apple tree."

3

So he traveled here and there,
  But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
  The costliest homes there be.
He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again, with a wistful sigh,

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To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

4

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
"Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?" quoth she.
And he said, "Sweet mother, from east to west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Where was this boy's home?
2. Was it a pleasant place to live?
3. Why did he want to go away from home?
4. Why did he want to travel?
5. How long did he think that it would take him to find a more pleasant place to live?
6. Where did he go, what did he see, and what did he find out?
7. What was it that he "missed from the sea or sky"?
8. Why did the mother smile when her boy returned?
9. Explain "her heart grew glad and free."
10. If the mother knew that he would come back disappointed, why did she let him go?
11. Is there any way to learn all that this boy learned without making this long journey? If so, tell it.
12. How does the story end?
13. Tell whether you have ever felt as this boy felt.

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EYES AND NO EYES

CHARLES KINGSLEY

It is a wonderful but sad thing that very few persons, even among those who have good natural eyesight, *can see.* That is, they *look* at things, but do not *see* them. If you were to walk along a stream alone, and then walk along the same stream with a trained naturalist, it would amaze you to find out how much you had not *seen* when you were walking alone, although you were *looking* all the time.

Any one can *look,* but very few can *see.* It takes training and practice to *see.*

Those who cannot *see* things miss very much. This does not mean *blind* people, but *the people with good eyes* who cannot see because they do not know how to use their eyes. We do not expect the *blind* to see.

The person who has learned how to see the wonderful things that are around him stores up in his mind much more than the person who cannot see. And he is always interested and never at a loss to know how to spend his time. The world around him is always interesting, and he is never "bored." And he is always interesting and never "bores" others.

That is what Charles Kingsley tells you in "Eyes and No Eyes."

Do you know that a swallow is not playing but working hard, when he skims so gayly close to the surface of a lake or river?

Do you know why a woodpecker pounds on the bark of a dead tree so rapidly, and then listens?

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If not, you have only *looked* at them, you have not *seen* them.

"Eyes and No Eyes" is taken from Charles Kingsley's book, "Madam How and Lady Why," a book of talks to the author's pupils about things around them.

In this selection, Charles Kingsley means *you*. Have you "eyes," or "no eyes"?

Be sure to "have eyes" to see the meanings of these words:

mistletoe (mĭs″l-tō): a small plant which always grows on trees, and which has small, white, waxlike berries.

wheatear: a small European singing bird.

pewit (pē′wĭt): a small bird whose cry gives it its name.

grand prospect: a beautiful, widely extended view.

curiosities (kū-rĭ-ŏs′ĭ-tĭz): interesting things found and kept.

Franklin: Benjamin Franklin, the American philosopher.

channel: the English Channel between England and France.

observations (ŏb-zĕr-vā′shŭns): things seen, thought about, and then talked or written about.

bog: wet ground where one sinks in when walking there.

distinguishing themselves (dĭs-tĭŋ′gwĭsh-ĭng): making themselves known by their deeds.

Eyes and No Eyes

My dear Boys: When I was your age, there were no such children's books as there are now. Those which we had were few and dull, and the pictures in them were ugly and mean, while you have your choice of books without number. They are clear, amusing, and pretty, as well as really instructive, and on subjects which were only talked of fifty years ago by a few learned men, and very little understood even by them.

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So if the mere reading of books would make wise men, you ought to grow up much wiser than we old fellows.

Now, among those very old-fashioned boys' books was one which taught me that I must use my eyes, and ears, and common sense; and, therefore, I am more grateful to it than if it had been as full of wonderful pictures as all the natural history books you have ever seen. Its name was "Evenings at Home"; and in it was a story called "Eyes and No Eyes"; and it began thus:

"Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round by Camp Mount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull, he thought. He saw hardly a single person. He had much rather have gone by the turnpike road.

Presently in comes Master William, and terribly dirty and wet he is; but he says that he never before in all his life had such a pleasant walk; and that he has brought home his handkerchief full of curiosities.

He has a piece of mistletoe and wants to know what it is; he has seen a woodpecker and a wheatear, and has gathered strange flowers on the heath; he has hunted a pewit, because he thought its wing was broken, till of course it led him into a bog, and very wet he got.

But he did not mind it, because he fell in with an old man cutting turf, who told him all about turf-cutting.

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And then he went up a hill, and saw a grand prospect and twenty things more; and then he went down to the river, and so on, and so on, till he had brought home curiosities enough, and thoughts enough, to last him a week.

Whereon Mr. Andrews, who seems to have been a very sensible old gentleman, tells him all about his curiosities; and then it comes out — if you will believe it — that Master William has been over the very same ground as Master Robert, who had seen nothing at all.

Whereon Mr. Andrews says, wisely enough, in his solemn, old-fashioned way:

"So it is. One man walks through the world with his eyes open, another with his eyes shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge which one man acquires over another. I have known sailors who had been in all the quarters of the world, and who could tell you nothing but the signs of the public houses. On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the Channel without making observations useful to mankind.

"While many a vacant, thoughtless youth is whirled through Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and the inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble. You, then, William, continue to use your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use."

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So said Mr. Andrews; and so I say. Therefore, I beg all of you to think over this story, and settle in your own minds whether you will be Eyes or No Eyes. Whether you will, as you grow up, look and see for yourselves what happens, or whether you will let other people look for you, or pretend to look, and deceive you, and lead you about — the blind leading the blind, till both fall into the ditch.

Using your eyes, or not using them, is a question of doing *right* or doing *wrong*. God has given you eyes; it is your duty to use them.

The great use of a school education is not so much to teach you things, as to teach you how to learn, — to give you the noble art of learning, which you can use for yourselves in after life on any matter to which you choose to turn your mind. And what does the art of learning consist in? First and foremost, in the art of observing. That is, the boy who uses his eyes best on his book, and observes the words and letters of his lesson most accurately and carefully, that is the boy who learns his lesson best.

You know as well as I how one boy will sit staring at his book for an hour, without knowing a word about it, while another will learn the thing in a quarter of an hour; and why? Because one has actually not seen the words. He has been thinking of something else, looking out of the window, repeating the words to himself like a parrot. The other has simply, as we say, "looked sharp." He has looked at the lesson with

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his whole mind, seen it, and seen into it, and therefore knows all about it.

Ah! boys, if you knew the idle, vacant, useless life which many young men lead when their day's work is done, continually tempted to sin and shame and ruin by their own idleness, while they miss opportunities of making valuable discoveries, of distinguishing themselves and helping themselves forward in life, then you would make it a duty to get a habit of observing, and of having some healthy pursuit with which to fill up your leisure hours.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of the author of this story.
2. What kind of children's books did he have in his boyhood?
3. What kind did the boys of his class have?
4. What advantages over Dr. Kingsley did the boys have because of their books?
5. But what one book did Dr. Kingsley have in his boyhood that greatly helped him?
6. What is "common sense"?
7. What had Robert seen on his trip?
8. What had William seen on the same trip?
9. Why had Robert not seen things and why had William seen them?
10. Read aloud to the class what Mr. Andrews said, and discuss it.
11. What is "a vacant, thoughtless youth"?
12. What advantage will a boy who uses his eyes have over a boy who does not?
13. Do you really try to use your eyes as you go about, or do you just "go along" as Robert did?

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THE RAIN SONG

ROBERT LOVEMAN

To be happy and to make others happy is the greatest thing in life.

When there is a cold gray day, many persons stand at the window, looking sullenly out and say, "What an awful day!" It is strange that they do not think and say: "What a warm, cheerful fire we have to-day when it is so cold and rainy! I am so glad that I do not have to be out in the rain!"

All things in Nature are — in some way that we may not understand — good and right. The frost is useful. Freezing breaks up the rocks of which the earth is made and helps turn them into soil, from which grow the plants that feed us. The rain washes the rock, broken into powder by the frost, down into the valleys and thus makes the farm lands. Without rainy days, not only all the plants and animals, but man also, would die.

We have so many unhappy days just by looking wrongly at the works of nature. The frost, the snow, the rain, all are useful to feed us and to make beautiful the world we live in. When a great snow falls, we should think, "This will cover up the wheat with a warm blanket till the sun comes to make it grow."

When it rains, we should think: "This will wash down the new soil broken up by the frost in the hills, and it will renew the farms. It will make the earth green with growing plants and beautiful with flowers."

In no way can we find more happiness than by looking at the weather in this way; yes, —

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"It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets!"

You should learn the following words before reading "The Rain Song":

daffodils (dăf'ō-dĭlz): yellow bell-shaped flowers that bloom early in spring.

engulf (ĕn-gŭlf'): to shut in, as the clouds shut in and make dark the day.

overwhelm (ō-vĕr-hwĕlm'): to trample on, to rush over.

buccaneering bee (bŭk-ȧ-nēr'-ĭng): a bee that takes honey from every flower, as the pirates took goods from ships which they captured.

health: at a dinner given to some great man, the guests stand and drink to the health of the guest. It is a wish for good health.

fig: something of little value, as, "I don't care a fig for that."

Now read "The Rain Song," and see whether you can think about the rain as Robert Loveman,—an American poet, born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1864,— thought of it.

The Rain Song

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,

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Where every buccaneering bee
  May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
  A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining violets.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Have you ever seen a daffodil? What did it look like?
2. What does the poet mean by a "dimpled drop"?
3. How do such drops make "wild flowers on the hills"?
4. What is meant by "engulf the day"?
5. How do "clouds of gray" "overwhelm the town"?
6. How can the rain be "raining roses down"?
7. Tell how a bee finds "bed and room" in a "clover bloom"?
8. Why should one who is sad because the weather is bad, be pitied?
9. How can it be "raining violets"?
10. Can you not try, on the next rainy day, to think of the rain as Robert Loveman thought of it?

Fairy Days

Beside the old hall fire, upon my nurse's knee,
Of happy fairy days, what tales were told to me!
I thought the world was once, all peopled with princesses,
And my heart would beat to hear their loves and their distresses.
And many a quiet night, in slumber sweet and deep,
The pretty fairy people would visit me in sleep.

William Makepeace Thackeray

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HOW THE FLOWERS GROW

GABRIEL SETOUN

Here is a fine picture of how the flowers grow. Every step in the growth of a flower is told in this poem.

The poem tells the steps of its growth as follows:

1. The coming up of the first blade through the earth.
2. The "reaching up and peeping forth" in all directions.
3. The "shooting up day by day."
4. The beginning of the blossom.
5. The sunbeams making the bud open.
6. The growth into a full-blown flower.

The poet says, —

"This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know."

He found happiness in watching a flower grow. How much more we might know each day, if only we should learn to watch the wonderful things in Nature all around us!

Try to imagine, as you read the poem, each thing which is described in it.

petals: the colored parts or leaves of a flower.

How the Flowers Grow

1

This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.

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2

First, above the ground is seen
A tiny blade of purest green,
Reaching up and peeping forth
East and West, and South and North.

3

Then it shoots up day by day,
Circling in a curious way
Round a blossom, which it keeps
Warm and cozy while it sleeps.

4

Then the sunbeams find their way
To the sleeping bud and say,
"We are children of the sun
Sent to wake thee, little one."

5

And the leaflet opening wide
Shows the tiny bud inside,
Peeping with half-opened eye
On the bright and sunny sky.

6

Breezes from the West and South
Lay their kisses on its mouth;
Till the petals all are grown,
And the bud's a flower full-grown.

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7

This is how the flowers grow:
I have watched them and I know.

From "The Child's World," by Gabriel Setoun, published by John Lane Company, New York City.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Have you ever planted a seed and watched it grow till it was fully grown? Tell the class about it, if you have.
2. Tell how the flower is said to grow in stanza 2.
3. In stanza 3.
4. In stanza 4.
5. In stanza 5.
6. Tell how it becomes a full-grown flower. (Stanza 6.)
7. Plant some kind of seed in a flower pot and watch it grow.
8. How does this poet say that he found out how the flowers grow?

Green Things Growing

Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing!
How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing;
In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing!

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik

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THE QUAILS

FROM THE JATAKA TALES

The Jataka Tales (jä'tȧ-kȧ) are delightful stories that have been told for many years in far-away India. The Jatakas, or birth stories, are of particular interest as the far-away beginning of Æsop's fables and many other fairy tales. There are about a hundred stories, all representing some scene or legend of the time, and usually teaching some very sensible lesson.

This particular selection is called "The Quails."

You will need to know the following words before you read the story:

imitate: to make a sound like.
fowler: one who catches wild birds.
mesh: one of the open spaces between the cords of a net.

You can easily apply this story to a baseball team or a basket ball team. It can also be applied to armies and nations. You remember the famous advice of Benjamin Franklin to the colonists, "Unite or die."

THE QUAILS

Ages ago a flock of more than a thousand quails lived together in a forest in India. They would have been happy, but that they were in great dread of their enemy, the quail-catcher. He used to imitate

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the call of the quail; and when they gathered together in answer to it, he would throw a great net over them, stuff them into his basket, and carry them away to be sold.

Now, one of the quails was very wise, and he said, —

"Brothers! I've thought of a good plan. In future, as soon as the fowler throws his net over us, let each one put his head through a mesh in the net and then all lift it up together and fly away with it. When we have flown far enough, we can let the net drop on a thorn bush and escape from under it."

All agreed to the plan; and next day when the fowler threw his net, the birds all lifted it together in the very way that the wise quail had told them, threw it on a thorn bush, and escaped. While the fowler tried to free his net from the thorns, it grew dark, and he had to go home.

This happened many days, till at last the fowler's wife grew angry and asked her husband, —

"Why is it that you never catch any more quail?" Then the fowler said, —

"The trouble is that all the birds work together and help one another. If they would only quarrel, I could catch them fast enough."

A few days later, one of the quails accidentally trod on the head of one of his brothers, as they alighted on the feeding ground.

"Who trod on my head?" angrily inquired the quail who was hurt.

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"Don't be angry, I didn't mean to tread on you," said the first quail. But the brother quail went on quarreling.

"I lifted all the weight of the net; you didn't help at all," he cried.

That made the first quail angry, and before long all were drawn into the dispute. Then the fowler saw his chance. He imitated the cry of the quail and cast his net over those who came together. They were still boasting and quarreling, and they did not help one another lift the net. So the hunter lifted the net himself and crammed them into his basket. But the wise quail gathered his friends together and flew far away, for he knew that quarrels are the root of misfortune.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is this story about?
2. How did the quails escape at first?
3. How were they caught at last?
4. Apply this story to a boy's baseball team. Apply it also to a group of girls planning an outing.

What Might be Done

What might be done if men were wise —
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

CHARLES MACKAY

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WHEN THE LITTLE BOY RAN AWAY

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

No one can ever tell just what made the little boy run away, unless it was that he got tired of things around home. Anyway, one fine day, he thought he heard the wind whisper to him slyly, "Follow me, follow me!" So, although all the birds knew he was running away and sang to him, "Stay!" he struck out after the wicked wind that kept whispering, "Follow me! follow me!"

So he followed the wind, and — but wait. Read the story yourselves and find out what happened "when the little boy ran away."

When the Little Boy Ran Away

1

When the little boy ran away from home,
The birds in the tree tops knew,
And they all sang, "Stay," but he wandered away
Under the skies of blue.
And the wind came whispering from the tree,
"Follow me, follow me!"
And it sang him a song that was soft and sweet,
And scattered the roses before his feet,
That day, that day,
When the little boy ran away.

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2

The violet whispered, "Your eyes are blue
And lovely and bright to see,
And so are mine, and I'm kin to you,
So dwell in the light with me."
But the little boy laughed, while the wind in glee
Sang, "Follow me, follow me!"
And the wind called the clouds from their home in the skies
And said to the violet, "Shut your eyes!"
That day, that day,
When the little boy ran away.

3

Then the wind played leapfrog over the hills
And twisted each leaf and limb;
And all the rivers and all the rills
Were foaming mad with him;
And 'twas dark as the darkest night could be,
But still came the wind's voice, "Follow me!"
And over the mountain and up from the hollow
Came echoing voices with, "Follow him; follow!"
That awful day,
When the little boy ran away.

4

Then the little boy cried, "Let me go, let me go!"
For a scared, scared boy was he.
But the thunder growled from a black cloud, "No!"
And the wind roared, "Follow me!"

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And an old gray owl from a tree top flew,
Saying, "Who are you-oo? Who are you-oo?"
And the little boy sobbed, "I'm lost away!
And I want to go home where my parents stay."
Oh, the awful day
When the little boy ran away!

5

Then the moon looked out from a cloud and said:
"Are you sorry you ran away?
If I light you home to your trundle-bed,
Will you stay, little boy, will you stay?"
And the little boy promised — and cried and cried —
He never would leave his mother's side;
And the moonlight led him over the plain,
And his mother welcomed him home again.
But, oh, what a day
When the little boy ran away!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What coaxed this little boy to run away? What did it whisper to him?
2. How did the wind "scatter roses before his feet"?
3. What in the story tells that his running away was pleasant at first? Read aloud that part of the story.
4. Why did the wind say to the violet, "Shut your eyes"?
5. What trick did the wind play on the poor boy when it had coaxed him far away? Tell it first in your own words, and then read it from the poem.
6. Why were all the rivers and all the rills "foaming mad" with the wind?

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7. Who roared at the boy when he became frightened? What did it say to him?
8. Who found out who the little boy was and what trouble he was in? See who can read best this part of the story.
9. What tells the time of day it was at the beginning of stanza 5?
10. Who helped him home? Read the last stanza aloud, saying it as you think the moon said it.
11. Explain the words, "And the moonlight led him over the plain."
12. Now read the whole story aloud, saying it as you think it should be said.

Home, Sweet Home

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds, singing gayly, that came at my call —
Give me them! — and the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

John Howard Payne

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BOB WHITE

GEORGE COOPER

Did you ever hear a quail whistle as he sat on a fence rail near a wheat field? Surely some of you have heard one, and some one of you will whistle the quail's call for the class. It sounds just as if he whistles, "Bob White! Bob White!"

When you read this poem aloud, you should whistle, not speak, the last line of each stanza.

Be sure to see the pictures in the poem, and to hear the quail whistle his name.

Learn the following words and their meanings before you read the poem:

zigzag rails (zĭg'zăg): fence rails with the ends laid across each other. See question 9, p. 312.

remote: far from anybody, in a safe place.

bracing morn: a morning with cool air that makes one feel well.

buckwheat: a kind of grain with three-cornered kernels. Flour made from it makes the very best pancakes.

amber grain: ripening grain; grain the color of amber.

hailing: calling to.

billows: waves.

stubble: the stumps of grain stalks left on the ground after the grain has been cut.

contented (kŏn-tĕnt'ĕd): happy.

Bob White

1

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,

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Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn,
When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked is the corn,
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

2

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be!
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight — but, hark again:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

3

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there
Hide his plump little wife and babies fair!
So contented is he, and so proud of the same,
That he wants all the world to know his name:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What line gives a good description of a quail?
2. When does he usually whistle?
3. Whom does the quail seem to be calling?
4. Whom is he really calling?
5. Where are his "wife" and "babies"? What are they doing in the buckwheat field? Describe a "baby" quail.
6. Try to see who can tell best, in the words of the poem, the first stanza of the poem, including the quail's whistle.
7. The second stanza.
8. The third stanza.
9. In the olden days, trees were split into "rails" which were used to make

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rail fences. The rails were laid across each other near their ends, making the fence run in "zigzag" fashion.

10. What season of the year is meant by a "breezy, bracing morn, when the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked is the corn"?
11. What grains does he mean by "gold and amber"?
12. How does the poet think the quail feels?

Kindness to Animals

Little children, never give
Pain to things that feel and live:
Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home, —
As his meat you throw along
He'll repay you with a song;
Never hurt the timid hare
Peeping from her green grass lair;
Let her come and sport and play
On the lawn at close of day;
The little lark goes soaring high
To the bright windows of the sky,
Singing as if 'twere always spring,
And fluttering on an untired wing, —
Oh! let him sing his happy song,
Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.

Anonymous

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MASTER RABBIT AS A FISHERMAN

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

Everybody loves a story. "Tell us a story" is a thing that all children in all lands and in all ages have said to older people. Even the American Indians love stories and are great story-tellers. Men who have lived among the Indians have often seen an old Indian surrounded by a group of little Indians who were listening, still as death, while he "told them a story."

The Indian children have all kinds of stories, just as white children have fairy stories, ghost stories, stories of giants and dwarfs, and hero stories. Of course you know that the great Indian hero story is the story of Hiawatha. You have read Mr. Longfellow's poem, "Hiawatha," and there are very many Hiawatha stories that Mr. Longfellow does not tell, but the Indian children have heard them.

"Master Rabbit as a Fisherman," is an Indian story told to us by Mr. Charles G. Leland. You will see that it is a fable, or a story in which the animals talk. It is intended also to teach a lesson, — the lesson that each one should try to do only those things for which he is fitted.

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading the story:

otter: a dark-brown, fur-bearing animal from two to four feet long. It lives on fish, swimming after them under water and catching them with great skill. Look up the otter's picture in the large dictionary.

lodge (lŏj): an Indian place of living, usually made of the skins of animals stretched over a frame of poles.

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Master Rabbit as a Fisherman

Of old times the Rabbit lived with his grandmother, waiting for better times; and truly he found it a hard matter in midwinter, when ice was on the river and snow was on the plain, to provide even for his small household.

Running through the forest one day, he found a lonely wigwam; and he that dwelt therein was the Otter. The lodge was on the bank of a river, and a smooth road of ice slanted from the door to the water.

The Otter made him welcome, and directed his housekeeper to get ready to cook; and then he took the hooks on which he was wont to string fish when he had them, and went to fetch a mess for dinner. Placing himself on the top of the slide, he coasted in and under the water, and then came out with a great bunch of eels. These were soon cooked, and the two sat down to dine.

"By my life," thought Master Rabbit, "but that is an easy way of getting a living! Truly these fishing folk have fine fare, and cheap! Cannot I, who am so clever, do as well as this Otter here? Of course I can. Why not?" Thereupon he grew so sure of himself as to invite the Otter to dine with him on the third day after that, and so went home.

"Come on!" he said to his grandmother the next morning; "let us remove our wigwam down to the lake."

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So they removed; and he chose a place such as the Otter had chosen for his home. And then, the weather being cold, he made a road of ice, or a coast, down from his door to the water. Then the guest came at the time set; and Rabbit, calling his grandmother, bade her get ready to cook a dinner.

"But what am I to cook, grandson?" she asked.

"Truly, I will see to that," said he, and made him a stick to string eels.

Then, going to the ice path, he tried to slide like one skilled in the art — but indeed with little luck; for he went first to the right side, then to the left, and so hitched and jumped till he came to the water, where he went in with a bob backwards. And this bad beginning had no better ending, since of all swimmers and divers the Rabbit is the very worst, and this one was no better than his brothers. The water was cold, he lost his breath, he struggled, and was well-nigh drowned.

"But what on earth ails the fellow?" said the Otter to the grandmother, who was looking on in wonder.

"Well, he has seen somebody do something, and is trying to do likewise," replied the old lady.

"Ho! come out of that now," cried the Otter, "and hand me your stick!"

And the poor Rabbit, shivering with cold, and almost frozen, came from the water and limped into the lodge. And there he needed much nursing from his grandmother; while the Otter, plunging into the stream, soon returned with a load of fish. But, dis-

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gusted at the Rabbit for trying a thing he could not do, he threw them down as a gift, and went home.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Where does this story come from?
2. Who are the three "characters" in the story?
3. What does an otter look like? (Look in the large dictionary and find out about the otter. Otters like to play by sliding down a smooth, steep bank into the water.)
4. What did Master Rabbit do which he was not fitted for? What happened to him?
5. Why was the otter surprised when the rabbit almost drowned?
6. What did the grandmother say about it?
7. What was the old Indian who made up this story trying to teach the little Indians? Do you know the fable called "A Frog Who Would be King"?

Charles G. Leland, the author of "Master Rabbit as a Fisherman," was an American writer. He was born at Philadelphia in 1824. He died in 1903.

A good many workers
I've known in my time —
Some builders of houses,
Some builders of rhyme;
And they that were prospered,
Were prospered, I know,
By the intent and meaning of
"Hoe your own row!"

ALICE CARY

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WHICH LOVED BEST?

JOY ALLISON

You love your mother, don't you? Of course you do. And you often tell her so, don't you? So in this story-poem, did little John, and rosy Nell, and little Fan love their mother, and they, too, told her so, just as you do. Read the poem and find out which one of the children loved the mother best. Then think over what *you* do and which of the three children you are like.

It may make you feel unhappy to find out about yourself, and we think that you will make up your mind not to worry mother quite so much and to help her more. Yes, while you are reading this poem, you will make up your mind to love mother by helping her; but we wonder how many of you will forget it when you get home again.

Some persons are always talking about doing great things but they are never willing to do little helpful things which they can do. Others talk much and seem to think that they are helping when they are really hindering and annoying. Others say very little but are always doing kind and helpful things. When boys and girls become men and women, they are likely to show many of their childhood traits. To learn to do exactly what we know to be right, is one of the very hardest lessons in life.

Which Loved Best?

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,

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And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she brought the broom,
And swept the floor, and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she, —
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said, —
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What did little John do after telling his mother that he loved her?
2. How did rosy Nell tell her mother that she loved her? How did she show her love?

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3. What did little Fan say to her mother? How did she show her love?
4. Which child really loved the mother best?
5. Which are you, little John, rosy Nell, or little Fan, with your mother?
6. Has this poem set you thinking? What are you going to do when you get home to-night? Are you sure that you will do it?

Rock Me to Sleep

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, Mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep!—
Rock me to sleep, Mother,—rock me to sleep!

Elizabeth Akers Allen

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ANNOUNCEMENT

Wheeler's Graded Arithmetics

By **Frederick H. Somerville and Ellis U. Graff**

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The Foundation These Arithmetics are based upon the courses prescribed by the leading States and the larger cities, and upon this foundation careful construction and competent criticism have produced a consistent and practical series.

The Aims The aims of the authors have been direct and positive. They believe that constant drill is the avenue to mathematical training, and that the presentation of this drill must be in a form which will immediately create and permanently sustain the interest of the child. To accomplish the drill features they have provided abundant practice, well graded and invariably progressive. To present the work attractively they have confined the applications to the interests and the experience of children, and both the drills and the problems have been vitalized with the most attractive and artistic illustrations ever presented in an arithmetic.

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